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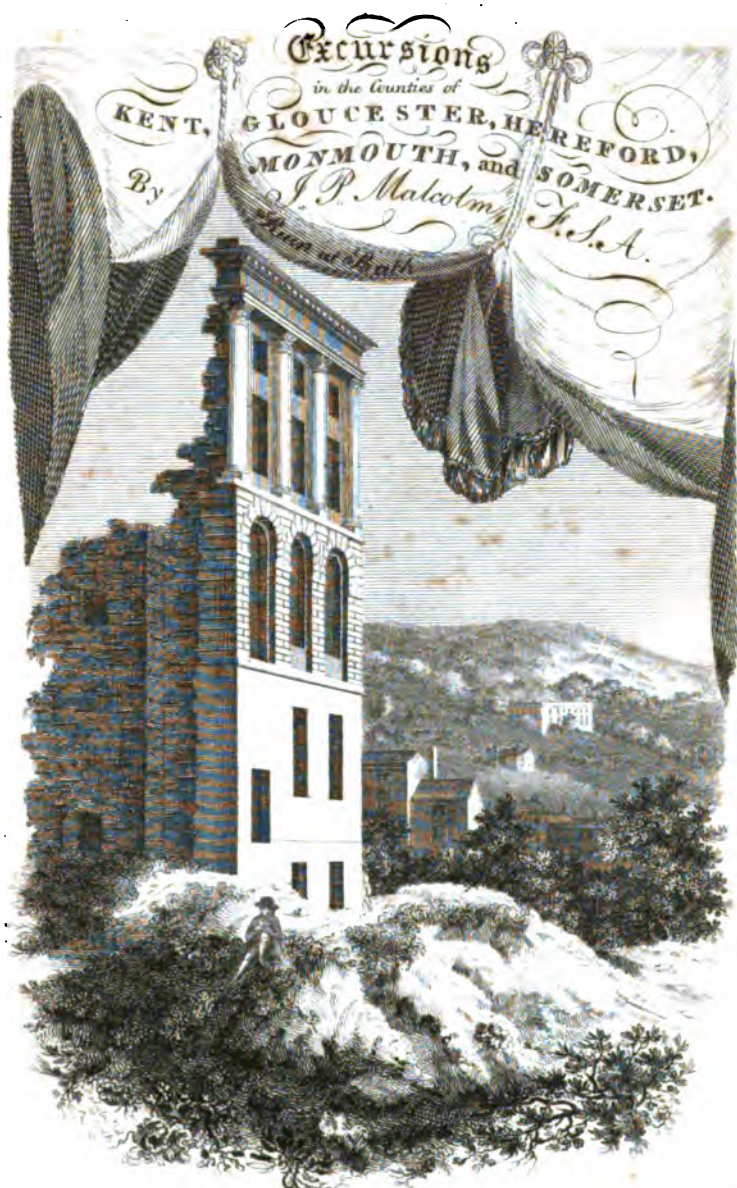




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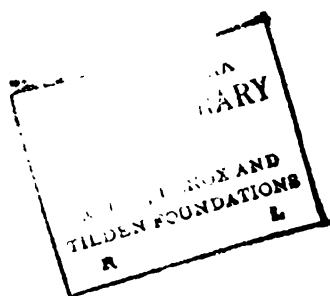




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1813.



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# EXCURSIONS

IN THE COUNTIES OF

KENT, GLOUCESTER, HEREFORD,

MONMOUTH, AND SOMERSET,

8116  
IN THE YEARS 1802, 1803, AND 1805;

ILLUSTRATED BY

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

OF THE

MOST INTERESTING PLACES AND BUILDINGS;

PARTICULARLY THE CATHEDRALS OF

CANTERBURY, GLOUCESTER, HEREFORD, AND BRISTOL.

*With Delineations of Character in different Ranks of Life.*

---

By J. P. MALCOLM, F.S.A.  
AUTHOR OF LONDINIUM REDIVIVUM, &c.

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THE SECOND EDITION,

EMBELLISHED WITH TWENTY-TWO HIGHLY-FINISHED PLATES.

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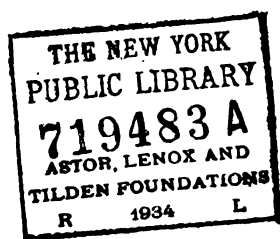
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The only point in which he acknowledges himself vulnerable is his style: that is his own; yet, he hopes, if some condemn it—others will approve.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

The subjects described are of superior interest, and must command the admiration of every spectator. If they are even faintly recognized, from the descriptions or engravings, by those who have had the good fortune to view them, his principal aim will be accomplished.

The drawings are all originals ; and made, sketched, and finished, by

J. P. MALCOLM.

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"This Work will be found altogether very entertaining in itself, and very creditable to Mr. Malcolm's taste as an Artist. It contains twenty plates from original drawings, made, etched, and finished by the author himself; some of these are of particular elegance. The perusal has afforded us so much satisfaction, that we cannot forbear expressing our sincere wish that Mr. Malcolm may have sufficient encouragement and inducement to make some new excursions of the same kind, as well for his own benefit as for the general amusement." *British Critic*, April 1807.

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*In the Press,*

AN EXCURSION  
THROUGH  
THE FOREST OF CHARNWOOD,  
IN THE COUNTY OF LEICESTER,  
In the Year 1793;  
Illustrated by many beautiful Plates.  
By J. P. MALCOLM, F.S.A.

## EXCURSION THE FIRST.



### *KENT.*

LONDON, ROCHESTER, CANTERBURY, DOVER.

**N**INE tenths of the visitors and inhabitants of this Metropolis are ignorant of its advantages and excellences in summer: of the few discoverable in winter I shall say nothing. Indeed, I confess myself to have been one of the uninformed till the month of August 1802. That month, however, dispelled the mist from my sense of seeing, and shewed me London as it is when cleared of fog and smoke. Long before the house-maid commenced the labours of the morning, or a fire was lighted, I entered the streets, with the first rays of the sun. Those lengthened the perspective, and enabled the eye to penetrate depths unfathomable at eight o'clock, and shewed retiring houses at distances I had never seen them before. The fanciful decorations of shop-windows, doors, and the fresh-painted fronts, had each their relief; and the brazen appearance of the gilt names had vanished with the smoke, and now darted with due lustre. I even regretted my rapid passage through it, and lingered in vision upon the public buildings, tinted with the splendour of a morning sun.

There are few of the great roads of England so directly opposed to a level as that to Dover. The ascent from Greenwich to Blackheath is fatiguing, that of Shooter's Hill is still worse; but the views from each to the West are exquisitely fine. The former is a beautiful picture of the Metropolis, brought almost under the spectator's feet, and infinitely diversified in the objects: the latter shews the same objects; but they become a middle distance, bounded by blue foliage and hills; and the noble Park of Greenwich, with the Thames, and the rich scenes of Charlton, are the foreground.

The next grand scene is the chalk-cliffs in the neighbourhood of Gravesend; and the vistas between them, which shew the Thames and the Essex shore, with the intervening ships and vessels. We then approach Rochester; but first descend Gad's Hill, as immortal in fiction as Shakspeare in the annals of Britain. Who is there that passes this theatre of depredation without recollecting the exploits of Henry Prince of Wales, his companions, and *honest* Jack Falstaff, and mentally viewing the weary Knight labouring up the hill, and exclaiming against the Prince; or the subsequent double robbery, alluded to in the following humorous letter, extracted from a manuscript in the British Museum, written "from one of them that robbed the Danish ambassador on Gad's Hill, 1656, sent to him the day after?"

“ Sir — The same necessity that enforced the Tartars to break the walls of China compelled us to wait on you at Gad’s Hill. I hope you will not think the names of Thief and Gentleman incompatible, nor that it is ignoble to rob a Viceroy there, where the best of our Kings deigned to rob a Carrier. And now I speak of things noble, I think it is so to keep my word : only I must beg your pardon in two things ; first, that I sent you the enclosed no sooner ; next, that I subscribe not my name, otherwise than, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

TAMERLANE.”

Rochester is finely situated, and, connected with Chatham, has the appearance of a metropolis ; but the principal streets are extremely rough, and lined with such shops and warehouses as are suited to the wants of sailors and shipping. They are besides of every species of domestic architecture, and the footways to them are far from being paths of pleasantness. It is on the south side of the towns that the admirer of repose and nature must retire for gratification. There he will find the cathedral, pleasant houses on the sides of the hills, and beautiful views of the river, the bridge, the dock-yard, the men of war, and many other objects, bounded by the huge and almost shapeless walls which are the representatives of Rochester castle, no longer of use than as an addition to the landscape.

To leave the beauty of the situation, for a sub-

ject far more important, the preservation and accommodation of the Navy of England, the pride, the honour, the palladium, of Great Britain in the aggregate. Were I to enter into particulars relating to the present state of this grand depository, I might possibly commit an unintentional injury; but the opinions of Sir Arthur Gorge, addressed to Henry Prince of Wales, *temp.* James I. have been too long consigned to temporary forgetfulness to prove prejudicial, and not to render them interesting, as shewing what a British fleet was from 1600 to 1620, or more properly what it ought to have been \*.

“ Most excellent Prince,

“ Having formerly discoursed of a maritimal voyage, and the passages and accidents therein, I think it not impertinent, nor differing from my purpose, to second the same with some necessary relations concerning the Royal Navy, with the services and offices thereunto belonging; for, as the position and excellency of our shipping is great and remarkable, so the imperfections and defect of the same, by the use and daily experience of late years, have been found to be divers and inconvenient. And therefore, for the due reformation thereof, many things are necessarily and particularly to be spoken of and considered, in their order. In regard wherefore, I will first begin with the offices; and

\* Harl. MS. 4133..

therein crave pardon, if in speaking plainly and truly, in a matter of so great importance, I do set aside all private respects and particularity; for, in that which concerns the service and benefit of my prince and country, I will say with Cicero, "*Nil mihi charius*;" and, therefore, not justly to be taxed with any presumption for meddling in matters wherein I have no dealings nor charge; for that in the affairs of this nature every good subject is deeply interested, and bound in conscience and duty both to say and do his best.

"First, therefore, it were to be wished that the chief officers under the Lord Admiral, as Treasurer, Comptroller, Surveyor, and the rest, should be men of best experience in *sea-service*, as well as of judgment and practice of the utensils and necessities belonging unto shipping, even from the boat's end to the keelson\* of the ship; and that no kind of people should be preferred to these offices but such as have been thoroughly practised, and be very judicial in either kind of the above-named services. But we see it oftentimes fall out otherwise; for sometimes by the especial favour of princes, and sometimes by the mediation of great men for the preferment of their servants, and most times by virtue of the purse, and such-like means, some people very raw, unfit, and ignorant, are unworthily and unfairly nominated to these places, when men of better desert and ability are held back, to the

\* Which binds the floor, or bottom timbers of the ship.



great hindrance of his Majesty's service, to the prejudice of the Navy, and to the no little discouragement of antient and able servitors, when favour and partiality shall suppress and eat out knowledge and sufficiency in matters so nearly concerning the service and safety of the kingdom, wherein all private respects should be laid apart, and virtue truly regarded for itself.

“ Secondly, it were not less behovefull for his Majesty's service, and for the strength of the Navy, that no ship should be builded by the great, as divers of them have been ; for, by daily experience, they are found to be the most weak, imperfect, and unserviceable ships of all the rest. And it is no otherwise to be presumed, but, as the officers would be thought to be very frugal for his Majesty in drawing a bargain by the great, at a near root with the shipwright ; so likewise the shipwright, on his part, will be as careful to gain by his labour, or at least to save himself harmless, and therefore suit his work slightly, according to the slight price ; out of the which present sparing, or untimely thrift, there grows many future inconveniences, and continual charge, in repairing and re-edifying such imperfect slight-built vessels. The proof and experience whereof hath been often found in new ships built at those rates, but so weakly as that in their voyage they have been ready to founder in the seas with every extraordinary storm, and at their return been enforced to be new built. But seeing the officers of the Admiralty do hold, by the grace of

his Majesty, places of so good credit and benefit, it is their part therefore, being well waged and rewarded for the same, exactly to look into the sound building of the ships, and to employ their care and travail as well in the oversight thereof, as to provide that all things else belonging to the Navy be good and well-continued.

“ For the strong and true building of a ship is not to be left barely to the fidelity of a mechanical artificer (the chief end of whose work is his own account, is his profit and gain), but some superior officer ought to have a further regard in that business, if he be one such as hath more judgment in the building and conditioning of a ship, than devotion to his own ease and profit. Moreover, if any old decayed ship be intended to be new made, it is more fit and profitable rather to make her a size less than she was than bigger; for then her beams, with new-laid overthwart, from side to side, will serve again; and most of her timber, and other parts, will say well to the building of a new ship: but if she should be made a size bigger, the timber of the old will be unprofitable for that purpose. We find by experience that greatest ships are least serviceable, go very deep to water, and of marvellous charge, and fearful cumber, our channels decaying every year: besides, they are less nimble, less navigable, and very seldom employed. *Grande Navio grande fatica*, saith the Spaniard. A ship of 600 tons will carry as good ordnance as a ship of 1200 tons; and, though the greater have double

her number, the lesser will turn her broadside twice before the greater can wind once, and so no advantage in that overplus of ordnance. And in building of all ships these six things are principally required :—

That she be strong built.

That she be swift.

That she be stout-sided.

That she carry out her guns all weather.

That she hull and try well, which we call a good sea-ship.

Sixthly, that she stay well when boarding or turning on a wind is required.

“ To make her strong, consisteth in the truth of the workman and the care of the officers. To make her sail well, is to give a long run forwards, and so afterwards\*; done by art and just proportion, so as in laying out her bows before, and quarters behind, she neither sink into nor hang into the water, but lie clear of and above it. And that the shipwright be not deceived therein, as for the most part they have ever been, they must be sure that the ship sink not deeper into the water than they promise; for otherwise the bows and quarter will utterly spoil her sailing.

“ That she be stout-sided, the same is provided and performed by a long bearing floor, and by

\* *Forwards* and *afterwards* in this case imply the head and the stern of the ship.

sheering\* off above water, even from the lower edge of the ports. To carry out her ordnance in all weather, this long bearing floor and sheering off from above the ports is a chief cause; provided always that your lowest tier of ordnance must be four feet clear above water when all lading is in; or else those your best pieces will be of small use at sea in any *grown* weather that makes the billows to rise, for then you shall be enforced to take in all your lower ports, or else hazard the ship; as befel to the Mary Rose, a goodly vessel, which, in the days of King Henry VIII. being before the Isle of Wight, with the rest of the Royal Navy, to encounter the French fleet, stooped her side, and took in water at her ports in such abundance as that she instantly sunk downright, and many gallant men in her. The captain of her was Sir Henry Carew, knight, who also perished amongst the rest.

“ To make her a good ship for the sea, that is, to hull and to try well, there are two things especially to be considered; the one, that she have a good draught of water; the other, that she be not overcharged, which commonly the King's ships are; and therefore in them we are forced to lie at try with one main course and the mizen; which, with a deep seal and standing streak, she will perform.

“ The hindrance to stay well is the extreme length of a ship, especially if she be floaty, and want sharpness of way forwards; and it is most true,

\* Curving inwards at the top.

that these over-long ships are fitter for our seas than the ocean; but 100 feet long, and 35 broad, is a good proportion for a great ship.

“ It is a special observation, that all ships sharp before that want a long floor will fall roughly into the sea, and take in water over head and ears. So will all narrow-quartered ships sink after the tail. The high *cargeing* of ships is it that brings them all ill qualities, makes them extreme leewards, makes them sink deep into the water, makes them labour, and makes them overset.

“ Men may not expect the ease of many cabins and safety at once in sea-service. Two decks and an half is sufficient to yield shelter and lodging for men and mariners, and no more *cargeing* at all higher, but only one low cabin for the master; but our mariners will say that our ships will bear more *cargeing* aloft for cabins: and that is true if none but ordinary mariners were to serve in them, who are able to endure, and are used to the tumbling and rowling of ships from side to side when the sea is never so little grown; but men of better sort, and better breeding, would be glad to find more steadiness, and less tottering cage-work; and albeit the mariners do covet store of cabins, yet indeed they are but sluttish dunces that breed sickness, in part serving to cover stealths, and in fight are dangerous to tear men with their splinters.

“ There are also many and great reasons why all his Majesty's Navy should not in such sort be penned up as they are at Rochester water, but only

in respect of the ease and commodity of the officers, which is encountered with sundry inconveniences for the sea-service, the difficulty being very great to bring them in or out at times of need, through so many flats and sands, if the wind and weather be not very favourable. Besides, they must have sundry winds to bring them to the Land's End, and to put them to the seas ; which oftentimes fails and causeth delay, when haste is most needful ; for if any service be to be done upon the South parts of England, as the Wight, Portsmouth, islands of Guernsey and Jersey, or Westward, towards Devonshire or Cornwall, or towards Wales or Ireland, it is so long before his Majesty's shipping can be brought about to recover any of those places, as that much mischief may be done the while ; for the same wind that brings in the enemy binds our shipping, in such sort that oftentimes in a month's space they are not able to recover the nearest of the above-named coasts. And how perilous a course that is is easily discerned, and as easily remedied, seeing there are besides so many safe and good harbours to dispense and bestow some of the Navy in, whereby they may ever lie fit for all services, at Portsmouth, Dartmouth, Plymouth, Falmouth, Milford, and divers others, all of them being harbours very capable and convenient for shipping. But perhaps it will be alledged that they cannot ride in any of these so safe as in Rochester water, because it reacheth far within the land, and is under the protection of some block-houses. To which I answer

this, that with very easy care and provision they may in most of these places ride sufficiently secure from any foreign practices. And I do not mean that all the whole Navy should be subdivided into all these parts; but that some half dozen or eight of the middling ships, and some pinnaces, should lie in the West; and not in any port so near the sea as that in a dark night they may be endangered by fire or otherwise; but in some such places as Ashwater is, by Plymouth, where an enemy must run up a fresh river a dozen miles, after he hath passed the fort of the island, and the alarm given before he can come where they lie at anchor; in which river the great Carroito of Portugal may ride afloat ten miles within the forts. But if regard be had only of their safe keeping, and not also their readiness and fitness for service, then let them never be sent abroad to be hazarded against the enemies forces, for therein they shall be more subject to casualty and damage than by lying in any of these harbours above specified.

“ But certain it is that these ships are purposely built to serve his Majesty, and to defend the kingdom from damage, and not to be so penned up from casualty as that they should be the less able or serviceable in times of need; and therefore that objection savours not of good reason; but rather of self-respect in the officers, who are all for the most part well seated about Rochester. But the service of his Majesty, and the safety of the realm (in my poor opinion), ought to prevail above all other

respects whatsoever; and to him that casts those needless doubts it may well be said, *Parcat quia timet umbras.*

“ If the service of the shipping lie for any of these places above named, or for Spain, or for the Islands, or for the Indies, they are enforced of very necessity to press their best and greatest part of their men out of the West countries; which is no small charge in bringing them so far as between that and Rochester; and then, when they are embarked at Rochester, their charge is again doubled, in their pay and expence of victuals, before the ships can recover so far as Plymouth; which many times is long a doing, for they do usually ever touch at Plymouth in all Southern voyages, for the furnishing of many sea necessities which that country doth afford; and therefore for so many ships as should be there resident, the charges of conduct-money for mariners, of wages, and of victuals, would be well saved, for all that time which is spent between Rochester and Plymouth. Besides, it were to be presumed that the enemies would not be so troublesome to the Western coasts, nor that country itself would be so often dismayed with alarms as they have of late years been, if some of his Majesty's good ships were resident in those parts.”

Sir Arthur proceeds with many other particulars in which the Navy might be improved; but, as they do not immediately belong to the subject before me, it will not be necessary to repeat them. His ideas on the inconvenient situation of Rochester



for a speedy communication with the sea have received full sanction from subsequent Lords of the Admiralty. Ships are built at Chatham, and laid up there during peace, for which purpose it is admirably calculated; but there are very few vessels equipped for immediate service: that operation is most judiciously transferred to Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c.

The ascent from Chatham in the road to Canterbury is very abrupt. So much so that a driver of any humanity must insist upon his passengers alighting, to avoid injuring the horses. The weary pedestrian may however amuse himself by pleasing glimpses of landscape; and when he arrives at the summit many vistas shew the distant waters to the North-east, scattered with vessels riding at anchor, and others with swelling sails pursuing their various voyages. Hence to Canterbury the road affords a thousand rich scenes, with blue fields and foliage, softened into the tints of the air; and every valley has its mansions, inclosed by trees that gracefully bend round the owner's dwelling, shading him from the rays of a fervid sun, and sheltering him from the chill blast that might injure the health of himself and family. Those are always pleasing, whether disposed by the hand of taste or accident.

An eminence, eight miles from Canterbury, commands a full view of the city, or rather its Cathedral. This grand object graces the horizon, and repels all competition. It demands and receives our homage involuntarily. Surely many a pious

orison must have ascended from this hill; and the deep chorus of the pilgrims who visited the shrine of St. Thomas must have spontaneously echoed from the woods in hymns of salutation at the first opening of the scene of his martyrdom before them. Those mistaken enthusiasts meant to expiate their sins by fruitless cries to the Archbishop, and doubtlessly experienced fervent impulses of devotion. How different were my sentiments! At one glance the mental tablet was impressed with the recollection of the sublime ideas entertained of religion when that cathedral ascended from its foundation. How great and unutterable were the conceptions of those men who reared it! "What man dared they dared," and accomplished. Canterbury, and every city honoured by a cathedral or an abbey, exhibits at first sight their reverence for the Divinity. The House of God, crowned by towers and spires, proclaims that his worship demanded and received the most exalted honours.

The founders laboured to make Christ-church an object of exclusive interest, and I confess they have fully succeeded with me. However massy and venerable the walls of the city, however singular the architecture of the houses of antient erection, or beautiful the fragments of St. Augustine's and the two gates, the cathedral "*repels all competition.*"

When we enter the great South-west door, the eye receives unbounded gratification, by comprehending at once the vast taper columns that ascend

and diverge into branches, supporting and adorning the roof, lighted by windows in the walls, most judiciously and admirably disposed. Proceeding, and ascending the flight of steps under the tower, the transepts open to view, with the brilliant saints and kings in the windows, illuminated by the flaming beams of a meridian sun; whose rays, though tempered through this superb medium, render the opake yet rich paintings of the key-stones, and other portions of the tower, dull and inanimate. The choir is composed of the plainer species of Saxon architecture, and the stalls eclipse all the lower parts of the pillars; but the capitals and painted arches of the roof are fortunately perfect, and prepare the mind for the grandeur of the Lady Chapel. This superb portion of the building has a semi-circular aisle, formed by double pillars of fawn-coloured and purple stone (*unwhitewashed*), whose capitals baffle description in the exquisite grace of their scrolls and volutes, confined by no other rules than those which governed the chisels of the sculptors whose abilities have immortalized the works of Greece and Rome. They may be called Saxon or Grecian architecture; but the servile imitator of the latter dare not wander into the mazes of elegance discoverable in the varied outline, the capricious arch, and richly-formed and painted windows. Great is the declension from the chapel to St. Thomas Crown, a mere well in comparison, made purposely plain perhaps, to direct the whole attention to the face of St. Thomas à Becket; which, accord-

ing to Erasmus, was exhibited in it, within a circlet of gold set with jewels.

The crypt of this cathedral is in every respect worth attentive examination. It is undoubtedly the foundation by Lanfranc, previous to the year 1093. A rude Roman pile of stone, or a British barrow, cannot be viewed without interest; when their age is considered; but these grand and stupendous pillars and arches, which have been erected more than 700 years, and supported the immense weight above them without failing for so many centuries, and thus afforded the means of worship to tens of thousands who now sleep with their fathers, must have three-fold interest attached to their venerable surfaces. Full of these sentiments, the exploring of the extended aisles became highly interesting. I sought in vain for fissures or symptoms of decay; and there is every reason to suppose, were the superstructure removed, another might be erected, and attain almost equal duration. Simplicity and strength, with a few scattered ornaments, characterize the whole extent of these vaults; but the piety of individuals has prompted the introduction of rich monuments, and the screen of the chapel which contained Becket's ashes is in a style of superlative excellence. The injuries it has received, and those sustained by the tombs, are deplorable; and strongly contrast the indifference of our days with the zeal of old times, when these crypts were more honoured than modern palaces, and the riches of the church exceeded those of the state.

The key-stones have generally been painted, and Glories were a favourite subject with the person who designed the emblems which occupy their centres.

One of the most singular parts of the crypt demonstrates the ingenuity of the architect, in contriving a support for a weak arch, by introducing an enormous pillar in its centre, without obstructing the passage more than was absolutely necessary. That part of the structure above the pillar bears every mark of decay. In short, it appears to threaten immediate ruin; yet, judging from the introduction of the column, it seems highly probable that the derangement now apparent happened not long after the original erection.

Lanfranc built a superb church, of which this crypt is known to be part. Immediately after the decease of this Archbishop, his successor, Anselm, determined to *rebuild* it; and the second church must consequently have arisen within eleven years after the completion of the first. There is something so capricious in a review of this fact, that it requires all our faith in the piety of our ancestors to credit the possibility that a prelate should take down a *new* building merely for the purpose of rendering it more magnificent, confining that building to the outline of the old foundation. Now the pillar under consideration appears to elucidate the subject; suppose that Anselm found his church defective, or admit that some portion of the work indicated derangement, or threatened ruin, it became matter of necessity to take the walls down. Er-

nulph, prior of the monastery, conducted the mighty undertaking, and I am inclined to think introduced the pillar. It has every mark of great age, and the capital is as pure Saxon as any portion of the church produces. He *may* therefore have taken down those walls that were dangerous, and finding those over the arch capable of supporting themselves, have strengthened them by this huge mass of masonry. Dr. Weston, residentiary at St. Paul's, particularly desired me to observe the walls alluded to, declaring it his opinion they cannot possibly stand many years longer. In that opinion I entirely concur: yet it is probable a century or more may elapse ere such a calamity happens; for we know that masses of stone do settle, and by that means fix the parts as firm as rocks. That those of Christ church may have so fixed each of the component substances, is my ardent hope.

The rich monuments in every part of the church, the various styles of architecture, the painted vaults, the decorations of St. George and St. Christopher in the Crown, and the splendid windows, together with the superb assemblage of ecclesiastical buildings surrounding the cathedral, would furnish matter for a thousand pages, and subjects for an hundred plates, exclusive of the frowning walls of the city, its churches and hospitals. These objects, broken by foliage, assume new forms at every step, and every step adds fresh animation and delight to the mind of the admirer of natural and artificial beauty. Let him direct his steps where he may, still the Cathedral reminds

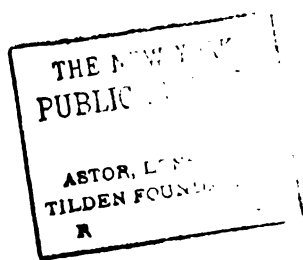
him, that "it repels all competition." Even the gates of the priory of St. Augustine, covered with the brightest ornaments of antient English invention, and the Saxon tower within their walls, shrink before it, and reverse the laws of perspective; the majestic outline of Christ church in the plate, the priory of St. Augustine, and the South side of the inclosure of the latter, confirm my remark.

Ascending the pleasant eminence East of the city on which St. Martin's church is situated, intending to examine that antient building, my attention was irresistibly divided: Roman bricks proclaimed antiquity; and Christ church, rising from grand piles around it, proclaimed sublimity. Let them still contend in the view annexed, and let the reader judge for himself between the rugged walls of St. Martin's and the decorated surfaces of the gate and pinnacles glancing in the distance, bounded by the yew tree on the left.

The antiquarian reader, who calls to mind the forms of our most antient churches, need not be reminded, that, however antique the materials, the *present* St. Martin's is far more modern than the Saxon part of the cathedral. That one of the *first Christian* fanes erected in England stood on the site, I do not doubt; but that that fane was composed of Roman bricks and stone cannot be proved. Whatever were the component parts, it is certain that the bricks made by our invaders now appear throughout the walls. In what year they were placed in them I cannot determine, but I think *since*







the reign of Henry III. judging from the pointed windows.—

There is but little variety in the country Eastward of Canterbury till the traveller reaches Barham Downs. The surface then changes, and presents a plain, covered with short velvet grass, that stretches on either side of the road, and terminates on the South in a rich valley; the ascent from which is broken by hanging woods, and scattered with villages. This plain has repeatedly served as the site of encampments, and unhappily one now occupies it, *unhappily* that it should be necessary. When I crossed it, peace had granted a temporary respite from the labours of bloodshed, and the fleet racer was in training, to sweep over its verdure with touches too transient for impression, or that would prevent the elasticity of the blade from recovering its position. The attentive post-boy had received fresh vigour from the renewal of that intercourse with France which the war had so long prevented; enulous of each other, the Down exhibited fresh tracks on both sides of the road, too narrow for the rapid passage of their chaises, and the loaded coaches and mails. Such was the state of the Downs in 1802. Since that happy period few have traversed it besides our protectors, and their cumbrous artillery and baggage. Military spectacles, at distant intervals, attract the curious; but those soon satiate, and new channels are sought for amusement.

The *Half Way* house is situated at the Eastern extremity of the plain, and the drivers of the vari-

ous vehicles as religiously stop before its doors as ever did pilgrim before the High Cross in his way. There they deliberately water their horses, and mechanically apply the cup to those lips which still bear the marks of recent application, at some favourite *one-third*, *one-quarter*, or other *ale-house*; while the travellers sit with impatience in their countenances, and anger in their gestures, with travelling minds and motionless bodies. Surely the keepers of those stumbling-blocks to speed should contrive some divertisement for the unwilling passenger, by which the spirits might be exhilarated, and the eye directed from the contemplation of his name over the door, "Dealer in foreign liquors," or an indifferent passing hog or dog. However, I had once the good fortune to receive the wished-for entertainment: the chaise I sat in was surrounded by two stage-coaches, and at least eight private carriages and chaises, each filled, producing an assemblage of persons whose religious, political, and trading tenets and educations were as different as the language of England is to that of France. In the midst of the general surveying of each other natural to our situation, when the eye immediately pronounces the opinion the mind forms, a voice almost matured to manhood attracted universal attention, conveying the transporting words and sounds of national valour and intrepidity, united with compassion, the characteristic of true bravery. Those sounds reached the ear in such manly swells, and were governed by such judgment and empha-

eis, that every Briton present involuntarily applauded, and every Frenchman felt delighted with the musick, happily ignorant of the tenor of the song. The heads of the company spontaneously issued through the windows of their *leathern conveniencies*; and I must confess I expected to see a gallant youth, formed in Nature's most perfect mould, an exterior in unison with the voice; "but what a falling-off was there," a poor lame wretch, fluttering in the wind with rags, pale and emaciated. His appearance announced extreme penury; it demanded and received immediate relief. "Ay, Sir," said the post-boy, "it is always so, that boy gets more by his singing than I do by my labour; but he don't deserve it. Bless you, Sir, he's a drunken dog. Though he receives six or eight shillings a day, he games and drinks it all away; and we often give him a ride from place to place; for he sings very good songs, and all the gentlefolks like to hear him." What, thought I, is it possible that a throat parched by the fire of ardent spirits should emit such notes? that senses disordered by inebriation should give energy to words? That such was the fact, I had auricular and ocular demonstration.

The plain ending, vegetation expands into shrubs and trees, and precipitate descents and ascents soon convince the traveller it has ceased. Yet he cannot but be pleased with the transition, as he contemplates the approach he is making to sterility, a naked soil, and hills of chalk washed by the sea. The Sun retiring, with the hours in his train,

darted long glances at this portion of the earth as he departed ; and those, obscured by the points of the hills, were interrupted as they purpled Nature. But the aspiring branches, covered with foliage, sometimes reached above the shadows, and saluted the dazaling orb ; who seemed to announce many diurnal visits, unobscured by moisture. Time, that accomplishes all things, had reduced the rays to yellow tints ; when, directing my attention Eastward, I found a vista of hills opened upon the Channel. The waters were discoloured by darkness, and assumed a terrific blackness. On their edge arose sullen cliffs, in frowning precipices ; and the vault above, commencing in a deep blue, descended in gradations, till the colouring of the sea almost blended with it. But the shades of night were not now to be completed ; a faint redness began to gleam on the outline of the hills, and the surface of France became momentarily more visible as the fiery arch extended North and South, and towards the zenith. The waves beneath, catching the reflection, seemed to form an imperfect circle ; and immediately after the segment of another appeared in the centre, of scarlet tinged with crimson. Thus rose the Moon, swelled in magnitude by the refraction of vapours, till the vast orb appeared detached from the horizon, flaming distorted and portentous. Instantly the first impressions were fixed, and the North Briton's second sight whispered in my ear, " Even as the Moon appeared on the natural horizon, so doth the political ; the vapours

of the mind are in motion, anger flashes its rays on them, they are agitated, and finally will explode." The Moon hath risen in blood from France: when will it have revolved its course?

Dover commences in a long street, far from being well built. This however improves after passing the market-place; and hence, through the whole extent, it abounds with convenient and even elegant houses. The avenues on the left are numerous, and shewed me, as I passed, the white sails of the ships, as the Moon illuminated them.

Dover harbour is of infinite importance in a point of view congenial to the tenor of my mind; and when the reader is informed, that it is admirably suited to the reception of vessels in danger from storms, and particularly those driven from their anchors in the Downs, I trust he will not deem the following account of it uninteresting. It is now in a state of comparative insignificance; and had within it when I was there but few vessels, the largest of which were not more than 200 or 250 tons burthen; indeed, the majority were old privateers of England and France, and the beautiful bye-boats of those nations for the conveyance of passengers.

In the year 1689 seventy sail of merchant ships were driven from their anchors, and found refuge in this harbour: a sufficient proof of its importance, for the loss of those would have been full £140,000, exclusive of the horrors of a watery grave to many hundreds of men. In the year 1653 fourth and

fifth-rate men of war were cleaned within it, and a ship of 500 tons burthen then loaded for Cadiz at the wharf.

It was computed in 1699 that the accumulation of beach, sand, and mud, was at least 150,000 tons; and the sum required to remove that, erect a new traverse-work for keeping ships water-borne, repairing the decay of wharfs, for 10,000 floors of earth-work in the bason, &c. &c. would amount to £.30,100.

Dover harbour has been injured by attempting too much. This is demonstrated by repeated failures in many other instances. That it is now very far within its original limits cannot be doubted.

The Romans found Dover the nearest point to France, and consequently made all the use of it Nature would permit in their invasions of England; but there were physical causes, which are very obvious at present, that prevented the use of it exclusively. While the transportation of troops could be effected by small vessels, and favourable breezes wafted them over, Dover was the most eligible place for landing; but seasons less favourable compelled them to seek shelter within the mouth of the Thames. It was however thought by them of sufficient importance to induce the erection of two specula on the opposite hills: one near the Castle, and the other on Bredenstone hill. Exclusive of those beacons, we have no marks that will prove any attempt from the Romans to improve the harbour: which, from their time till the far subsequent wars

between the rival powers of England and France, must have remained subject to the fury of the sea, and consequently sudden changes. According to Hasted, John Clerk, master of the *Maison Dieu*, who received the patronage of Henry VII. for the purpose, erected a round tower on the South-west side; which seems to have answered for the then shipping; but whether the seamen of England would condescend to fasten their vessels to it at present is to me rather doubtful. It would be difficult to discover the fate of that tower; but it may easily be conjectured when we remember that, in the 25th year of Henry VIII. an attempt was made to drive piles, to be fastened with bars of iron, and the intervals filled with rocks, to resist the force of the sea; and that since that period infinite labour has been in vain expended to keep out the furious element, and its accompanying sand and mud. In 1802 the vessels lay dry at ebb tide, and are like to do so in—1902.

The Sun revisited the earth on the following morning in perfect splendour; and I hurried from my breakfast, up the rugged sides of the cliff under which the town is situated, in order to feast my senses with the sublime scene a view from it exhibits. Fully determined that the impression should be indelible, I inflexibly kept my back to the Channel till I had attained the extreme summit; when turning, the eye instantly encompassed the circuit, commencing with the precipices of the South Foreland; which arising abruptly from the sea, in crags of



the purest white, (faintly tinged with the green of scattered plants, clinging by slender fibres in the fissures,) ascend as they approach the Castle, frowning on their brow, enclosed by long walls widely spread on their surface. The plate annexed shews this portion of the scene. The fence in the fore-ground hangs on the very edge of the gulph, from which a stone might be thrown into the streets of Dover; and on the shore near it is the singular mansion of the late Captain Smith, to be more particularly noticed hereafter.

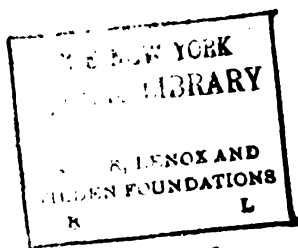
On the right a chain of precipices terminate with Shakspeare's cliff; and, imperfectly discerned, in the distance are the heights of Dungeness; hence the eye leaps the vast expanse of the English Channel; and, proceeding Northward, traces the mountainous tracts of France Eastward of Dieppe, St. Vallery, Montreuil, &c. in blue lines, descending towards Boulogne; thence rising from the Bay, and forming three grand curvatures, finally disappears, to the North of Calais; and the organ of vision once more plunges into the entrance of the German Ocean, hailing again the walls of Old England.

The Sun at this hour throws the cliffs between Calais and Boulogne into shade; and the rays, sparkling in a long line of brilliancy from shore to shore, forms a bridge of diamonds of the *most brilliant water*. The evening Sun illuminates the scene with far more sublimity. When that beams on the immense range of white cliffs, they become a line



*Cliffs at Dover*

*Published Oct 11 1864 by J. M. L. & Co. New York*

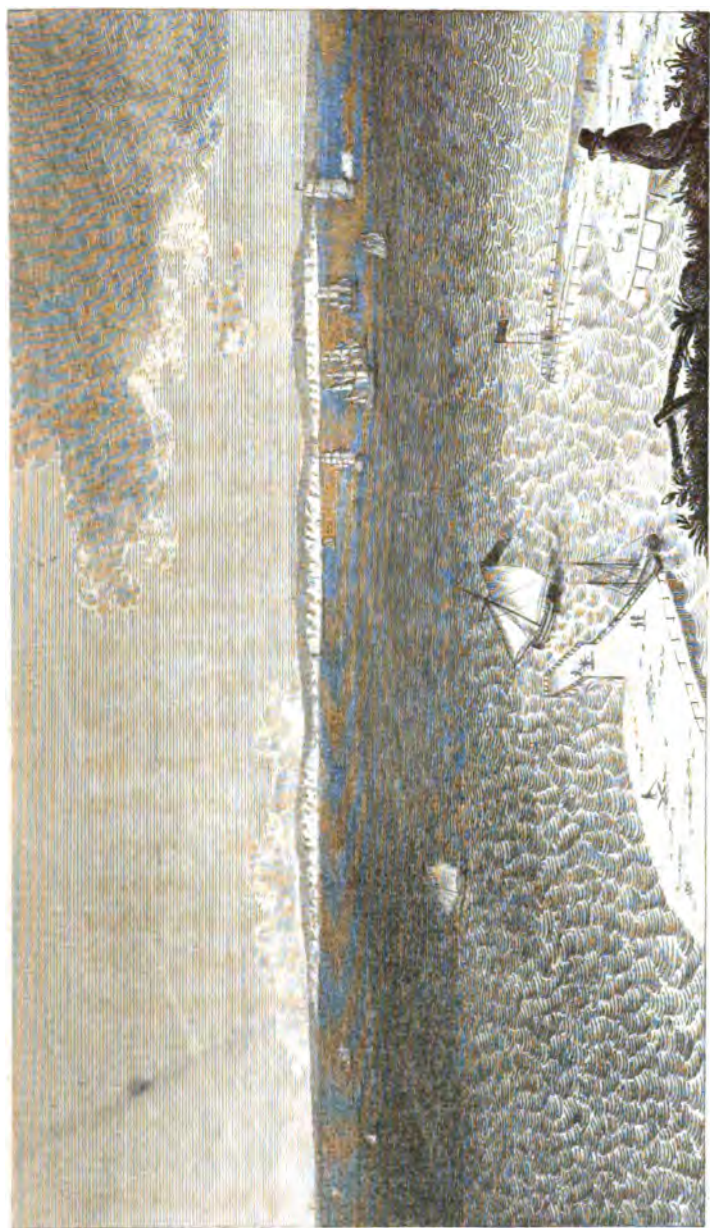


of separation of air and water, of a deep blue, and a still deeper green. Then the eye distinguishes many a chasm of tremendous ruggedness, penciled by distance in faint yet perfect lines. The reader will perceive an attempt, in the plate of "France as it appears from Dover Cliffs," to shew how near the hostile power of that country has been summoned to our destruction. My telescope, though far from being one of the best, enabled me to discern the upper town of Boulogne, the great church, and the trees, perfectly, from the vicinity of the Castle. When I made this drawing, looking to the North-east, I perceived the top-gallant sails of ships emerging from the Ocean. It was the commencement of that beautiful spectacle, the raising of a vessel from the very depths of the sea, that gradual consequence of motion which emancipates the eye from a strange delusion, the effect of distance and the rotundity of the earth. Ere the top-sails of the foremost ship had escaped from the water, other and still other sails glanced in the sun, and full two hours elapsed before the hulls floated on the surface of the Channel within my visual powers. At this instant a white volume of smoke issued from the side of the largest, and her head put about, announcing her to be a man-of-war, or an admiral, making a signal. Thus situated, five immense castles intersected the horizon, and presently a flotilla of merchant-ships hovered near them, reduced by comparison to mere pleasure-boats. With a strong breeze and swelled canvas they advanced,

and by four o'clock had breasted Dover. The reader, on recurring to the view, will find them so situated; and stationary as they are on the paper, equally so did they appear in reality. A ship of the line with every sail set and a fair wind, sailing at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, observed from these, or any other cliffs, at thirteen miles distance, appears totally motionless, and the change of her situation can only be ascertained by looking at some other object, for ten minutes or more, and then recurring again to her. Admiral Hartsinck's fleet, bound to Batavia, were the vessels that thus riveted my attention. The air was perfectly clear, and the Sun shone full on their fresh-painted sides and white sails. Some of them were 74-gun ships, and yet, compared with the expanse around them, they shrunk into mere miniatures of vessels; a perfect resemblance, reduced by distance to a few inches in length. How totally lost in air were the crews! The enterprising sailors that governed them shrunk into invisibility; and the same cause operating on the massy towers of Calais, reduces them to points that tremble on the eye, and vanish when that noble organ dwells too long upon them. The reader will find those points on the left margin of the plate.

#### SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF.

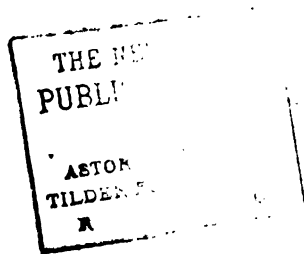
This abrupt precipice crumbles by degrees into the Channel. That the reader may perceive my

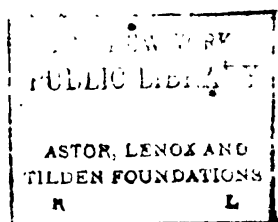


San Francisco del Mar

View from the Water

Published by J. P. McArthur, San Francisco









*Marys Peak Cliff*

*Published Apr 1894 by J. P. McArthur, San Francisco, Cal.*

observation is just, he will find it represented in profile, with a considerable declination *from* the sea, with strong marks of recent ruin on the outline, and at the base a few fragments on the narrow beach. When our immortal bard first attracted public attention to this semi-cone, it was doubtless many feet higher than at present; but probably not more perpendicular, as the falls of the rock have evidently always proceeded from the expansion of air and water in severe frosts near the surface. Besides, there is not a fissure within the scope of the waves that indicates present or past excavation; but thirty or forty feet above the beach there are several breaks, that will in a few years make a very visible alteration. This has evidently been a cone, and I cannot but revert to the period when it stood apparently secure from the inroads of that insidious enemy which surrounds this island, and imperceptibly proceeds to annihilate it as such. Then the Straits of Dover were possibly not more than eighteen miles in breadth; and, if we dared plunge still deeper into the dark abyss of time, perhaps we should almost, if not quite, unite the Continent to England.

Had Shakspeare seen his cliff covered with the golden honours of the autumn, as was my good fortune, how would his energetic pen have embodied the scene, and conveyed to posterity the dangers of the ploughman, who braved destruction even at the brink, who led his horses to the verge, unmoved by the horrors below, guiding them perhaps by the

notes of some popular ballad, and following in their track, sinking his share deep into the soil trembling with gravity and shaken by the severing of a portion of its texture. Then the enterprizing pen of the author would have brought the sower on the same terrific pinnacle, and represented him scattering the grains over the furrows, which the wind whirled away from his hand, giving the most ponderous to the fruitful earth, and distributing the rest to

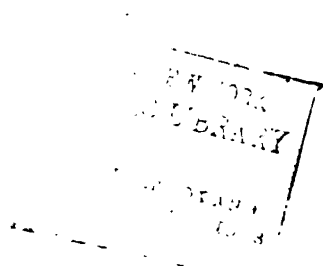
“The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air.”

Hurrying over the chasm of time, the grain waves in the gale a vivid green, another elevated sea. At length the hour of harvest arrives, and the reaper trips lightly where Edgar exclaimed,

“How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
 ——— The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
 Appear like mice——”

unconscious of those fears which agitate the novice; nay, the adventurous reaper divides the air with his sickle beyond the precipice, in pursuit of the fleeting blade darted over it.

The surface of the cliffs declines towards the town, but rises again behind it; and, falling a second time, forms the valley in which the London road is situated. The ridge then becomes almost perpendicular, and composes the barrier where the Castle frowns over the deep. This part of the chalk walls of England appears to be particularly porous





Barracks on the Cliff near Dover Sept. 1866

For a copy 1866

and unconnected in its substance; consequently the form is frequently varied, and it is faced by crags that hang in frightful ruin. Such are those represented in the view of the Barracks, excavated in their yawning sides, the dangerous but wonderful residences of our protectors, whose labour and ingenuity is conspicuous in many a well, winding subterraneous passage, and hanging wall, supported by the frail and perishable chalk. The reader will observe a vast mass of this matter in the centre of the print. That mass, separated from the summit, overwhelmed a soldier and his family in one dreadful moment, whose bodies were subsequently interred, for the second time, in the bowels of the precipice, and are thus commemorated in the Castle burial-ground:

“ In memory of Hans White, gunner in Major George J. Lewis's company, 3d battalion, Royal Regiment of Artillery, aged 31 years. And Anne his wife, aged 25. Also two of their sons: James, aged 4 years; and Charles, 2 and 6 months; who unfortunately lost their lives, by the fall of a hut in Dover Castle, on the 16th of February, 1799.

“ Stop, brother soldier, as you pass by,  
And read of one that here doth lie.  
He died in his prime, as plainly you may see,  
And this is the truth of his pedigree.  
He oft was prov'd a soldier in the field,  
And his conduct always was to abhor to fly or yield;

'Twas his delight, both early and late,  
To be submissive to a soldier's fate;  
But striking was his death, as you'll understand,  
'Twas by a stroke of the Almighty's hand;  
'Twas by the falling of his hut  
The thread of him, his wife, and children's lives, were cut.  
Brothers all, to whom life and strength are given,  
Must, like him, submit to the will of God in Heaven.  
And, to the honour of his fame,  
This was erected by his brother soldiers, in mem'ry of his  
name."

Since the catastrophe so feelingly recorded by his brave brethren in arms, the habitation of White, covered by the cause of its destruction, has been converted into the basement of a flint wall; on which a terrace, bounded by railing, serves as a passage to the different doors. The windows appear in the middle of the print. Above those arises the native chalk, in an immense pile, supported by brick buttresses. The effect is incredibly romantic and beautiful.

Near the base of this dangerous precipice is a mansion, well suited to the rude and exposed situation, open to the inroads of the sea, that hurls its spray over the walls in every tempest, and that is shaken by every blast that sweeps over its surface.

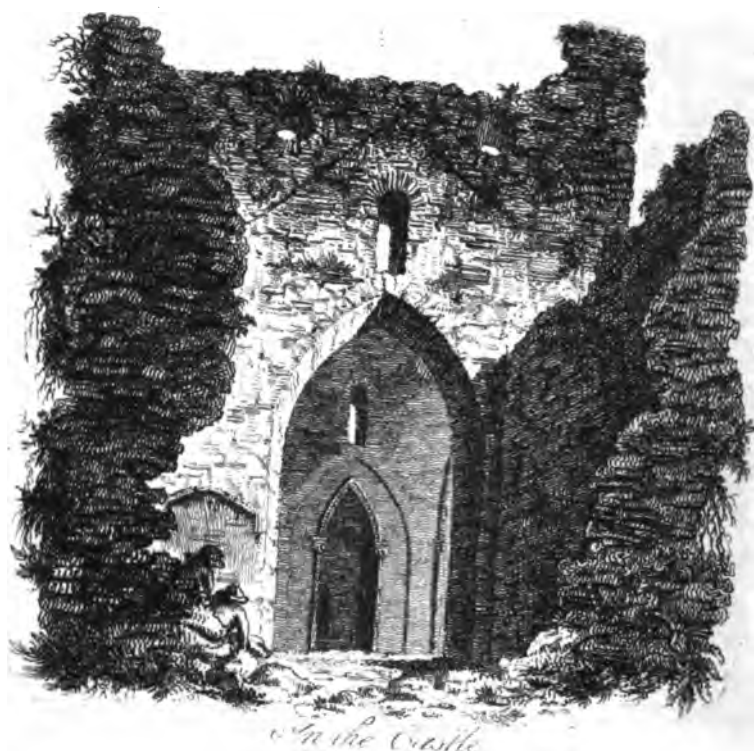
The eccentric architect who thus embodied his ideas will be immortalised by the valour of his son. Captain and Sir Sidney Smith must be honoured and remembered while a page of our history remains. The residence of the former consists of an entrance whose embattled walls, circular tower and

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*St. Mary's Church*



*In the Castle*

keep, appear to have been copied from those of the Castle; but the oval apartments that diverge from them are undoubtedly *original*, and the roofs are the largest description of *sea-boats*, the dormer windows in their bottoms *port-holes*. But the view will best explain the singularity of the structure. When I saw the withered form of the antient veteran, wrapped close in his blue cloak, tottering in the twilight near his mansion, I anticipated the recent event which has removed its master to "another and a better world."

#### DOVER CASTLE

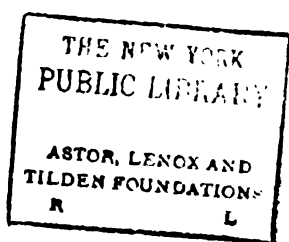
has been repeatedly described, and its history very amply detailed. The situation is dreadfully bleak when "Cold and raw the North wind blows;" and the centinel feels the truth of this remark when, in the solitary hours of darkness, he strains his orbs through the mist or the snow in search of an enemy, or the intruder. Fortunately, however, his sensations are infinitely agreeable the major part of the year, and his mind may have full employment in the survey of the sublime view on every side of his box; the Castle and its towers in venerable majesty; green precipices, with the grass reduced to the appearance of velvet; the sea, the vessels, France, and Dover, under his feet.

It has been my good fortune to preserve the annexed view of the ruins of the antient church of

the believing Romans, situated beyond the masked battery, and at some distance South-east from the keep, which had its origin from the piety of Eadbald, son of Ethelbert, king of Kent; who dedicated it to the name of Christ; and founded a college of six secular canons, governed by a provost. Subsequently, and in the year 597, St. Augustine re-consecrated it to the Blessed Virgin. The cause of its ruin arose from the inconveniences attending the contrast of monastic and military manners, and that induced Widred, king of Kent, in 691, to remove the canons. The church is probably destroyed by the present period; and the knowledge of the intended demolition impelled me to make the drawing at all risks, which was accomplished by stealth, and by no means in the point of view I wished; but as that from the South to the North transept, through the tower, was most retired, I adopted it without hesitation.

There are great numbers of Roman bricks inserted in the walls, but the pointed arches proclaim the present building of no very remote erection.

The next view represents the ruins of the priory, within the town of Dover, to which Widred removed the successors of the converted Romans; and another, the new work of Saint Mary and Saint Martin's, completed after a fierce struggle between the King's will and Archbishop Theobald's power, who finished this priory, and established twelve Benedictines and a prior, in 1139, converting it into a cell to Christ Church, Canterbury; thus





*The late Capt Smith's house  
Dover*



*The Maison Dieu Dover*



*The Maison Dieu Dover*

frustrating the wishes of Henry I. directed to the foundation of a priory for canons regular. Henry VIII. terminated this third descent from the Castle, in the 27th year of his reign, when it was valued at £.170. *per annum*. The site is now a farm.

## MAISON DIEU.

On another plate are two views of the antient hospital and church founded by Hubert de Burgh, in the reign of Henry III. who dedicated the latter to the Virgin Mary, and the House of God to the reception of a master and a certain number of brethren and sisters, who were to entertain such pilgrims as happened to pass through the town of Dover. De Burgh appointed the King patron, and it was customary, when the Monarch visited or returned from France, for the Chancellor and his suite to lodge with the Master. At the Dissolution it was valued at £.231. 16s. 7d. *per annum*. Henry immediately converted the place into a victualling-office, and such it remains.

The remainder of the public buildings at Dover have nothing particular to recommend them, except the Church of St. Mary. That has a tower richly adorned with Saxon ornaments.

The sudden indisposition of a near relation hurried me from this romantic town at four o'clock in the morning, and I had a considerable distance to walk through the streets ere I reached the coach. The air was inconceivably clear, the breeze from

the sea incredibly exhilarating and sweet ; the moon, suspended in the midst of the vault above, shone with perfect lustre ; and the East glowed with the golden tints of the approaching sun ; the sea gently broke upon the beach in soft murmurs, that swelled and became faint as the air wafted on, the green surface caught the saffron gleam, and France lay beyond it as a purple summer cloud. The double glow of the East and the moon, the blended tints of gold and silver, relieved every crag from the chasm behind it, and polished the white chalk that overhung the houses, and projected from the deep blue of the air : every being around me slept ; the birds only interrupted the dead silence of Nature. Such was Dover on the morning of August 16, 1802, when Peace had disarmed and dismasted the man-of-war, and discharged the soldier. Has such another morning beamed on its inhabitants and the stranger since ? No : the bustle of preparation, and the din of arms, have murdered repose like that. The ship of the line, the frigate, the sloop, the gun-boat, and armed defence-ship and privateers, have usurped the places of the bye-boat and packets ; and the inhabitant and stranger stalks to the beach armed, to see the prisoner instead of the passenger landed ; or ascends the heights to view the King's

“ ——— Brave fleet, with silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning,

Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,  
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing ;  
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

To sounds confused ; behold the threaten sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge. O ! do but think  
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestic,  
 Holding due course to *Boulogne*. Follow, follow,  
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,  
 And leave your England — \*."

The tall ships vanish into distance, the intervening air draws a veil between them impenetrable by the eye. Night approaches, and they return exhausted to their homes. There busy fancy converts the hours into long periods of watching ; the evenings of the autumn seem doubled in darkness and length ; and no other sounds are heard than the footsteps of the visitor retiring to his family—that family whose repose must be interrupted by the distant horrors of war. In an instant the air is rent, the windows rattle, the earth shakes, and the ear is appalled by heavy thunder rolled over the waves from the East. All becomes calm again in Nature ; but the spirits of the inhabitant, full of dread, know no rest for this eventful night. The sick man trembles with apprehension on the bed to which he is condemned, and left in solitude by his anxious friends, who rush with crowds of citizens to the summits of their cliffs, whence they eagerly gaze towards the source of all their troubles. There,

\* Chorus to the third Act of Henry V.



in a short period, they behold a bright flame, that rises in majestic sloth from the sea, distributing a fierce gleam on the shores of France, and illuminating an immense black cloud that rolls in huge torrents upwards. Ere thought can give utterance to words, the world sinks again into impenetrable night and silence. A second time Nature is convulsed, and the cliffs shudder. From this instant flashes of fire glance on the eye, and disappear momentarily. Thus commenced the action, and the explosions of the fire-ships, on the 1st of October, 1804; which continued through the night—a hateful contrast to the morning of August 16, 1802.

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## SECOND EXCURSION.



### GLOUCESTER.

The rapidity of a British mail-coach forbids accurate observation beyond the four *woollen walls* which inclose the passenger. Any thing less than accuracy ought not to satisfy a British reader : *ergo*, nothing less than accuracy shall deface the fair surface of this paper. The obliging personage who travels with me in this instance must consequently take characters for description, till we reach our first resting-place.

### THE CAPTAIN OF A SOUTH-SEA WHALER.

This amphibious animal was almost as clumsy in his motions as the monster he kills for its fat. Captain ——— was proceeding to his ship, then waiting for him at Milford Haven, when accident introduced us to each other. He was communicative, and myself all attention. The whale is sagacious, but man more so. He rests upon the surface of the sea, at intervals sending up a fountain of water from his nostrils. At this instant the harpooner and his crew launch their boat, and row as silently as possible directly towards the tail ; upon reaching of which, the steersman, who always uses an oar instead of a

rudder, directs the boat's head on one side of the fish. The oarsmen at the same time, pulling with all their strength, bring the boat along parallel with the whale. The harpooner strikes. If the wound is followed by a stream of blood from the nostrils, he has accomplished his intention; if not, the creature escapes by diving. There is besides (to use the Captain's expression), a chance of losing them by killing them *too dead*. They then invariably sink, and are irrecoverably lost.

A cruel method is adopted to secure the mother, by slightly wounding her young. In that situation she never leaves it; but flies as soon as she perceives it motionless.

#### THE SEEDSMAN, NUMISMATIST.

"Some demon" did not in this instance whisper, "Sir Visto, have a taste!" Nature whispered, and a man who is barely capable of expressing his meaning in our native language became a virtuoso. Now, when he meets with strangers, he cannot refrain from conversing "upon them *old antique* coppers, what are found in camps and Roman stations." We met in the mail, and he produced from his pocket a coin of Severus, another of one of our Saxon kings, and a battered non-descript.

But this man thrives by his collection, while the generality of collectors are prodigal spendthrifts. Pray how came you to think of coins? "This was offered by a person who bought seeds of me, for a

farthing. I was glad to get it, for I saw it was not a farthing at once. Afterwards I asked all the country-people who came to my shop if they had any old medals, or them things; and offered money if any would bring such-like to me. I have got at one time and another eleven ounces of silver, in coins brought by them." He will not sell his collection at present, or any part of it.

Such were the least enlightened, yet valuable, portion of my fellow-travellers. There were others whose gentlemanly manners and attainments did honour to the country which gave them birth. I argued with one on the unjust prejudices entertained and disseminated by certain writers and travellers, who in their works and conversations appear to have visited places and countries for the express purpose of spreading the catalogue of their defects; which, if carefully examined, will generally prove to have arisen from their own discontents and peculiar turn of mind. The Divinity hath planted honour and virtue in every soil; the same Sun lights the Earth, and the same Moon rules the night, in *every* quarter of *our* world; the same mode of ascent and descent of moisture prevails; and yet, when a man is *from home* his jaundiced mind points out a thousand variations unknown to nature. He compares his manners with those who surround him; and, finding an essential difference, he throws aside the necessary consequences of place and circumstances, pronouncing every thing wrong and detestable, becoming that hateful character the

egotist, the flatterer of himself: "Sir, I soon found that country would not do for me: the climate is intolerable, the sun is too hot, the wind too cold; the roads dusty, deep, and wet; there is no end to the hills and hollows, except where plains tire you with miles of level ground; the country is so covered with wood, and so cleared, that the damp chills and the sun burns you; the ferry-boats are dangerous, the bridges more so; the horses are weak, the carriages crazy, the drivers unskilful. Then, sir, the inns, though they shew you twenty rooms, there is not one to sit in; in the midst of plenty there is nothing to eat; the animals seem to claim kindred with the family, and watch every opportunity to enter the doors. The state of civil society is still worse, no police to prevent robberies, no government to restrain the licentiousness of the people; and yet the country is covered by thief-takers, and political opinions are subject to arbitrary punishments; the men are seducers, the women seduced, the servants thieves; the man of fortune is hated by the labourer, and the peasant despises his landlord; swindlers' tricks constitute their mode of trading. In short, sir, I left that country that I might not be burnt by the heat, frozen by the cold, blinded by the dust, lost in the mud or their ferry-boats, or tumbled into their rivers from the bridges, fatigued by the plains, or lose my life by their method of travelling; and that I might once more see *my* happy country, where *myself*, and all around me, are free from *every* evil I have mentioned."

Has the Reader met with such an author, or such a traveller? If he has, and finds any thing resembling them in this work, let it be burnt, and my future labours despised.

## ENVIRONS OF GLOUCESTER.

The Vale of Gloucester has many pleasing advantages; but it partakes of a level near the City, which fatigues the eye, though intersected by the river Severn, and relieved by the occasional passage of vessels, whose sails and masts only are visible above the grass. The hills on the Western side are sublime, but very remote; those on the confines of Herefordshire are broken by foliage; but the Malvern mountains ascend in crags to an immense height, and become a blue cloud on the horizon. He that visits Gloucester should not omit an Eastern walk down the road leading to the Robin's Wood Hills, (where a publican declares, in large characters above his door,

"The Bishop Blaze here, still *have* often bought good ale;  
but now doth sell;")

whose beautiful irregularities have a bewitching softness on a calm evening. The borders of the winding way, lined with the indispensable toil of the cottager, mixed with the vivid hues of the poppy, and many a nameless wild-flower, sent forth rich perfumes, sweet and refreshing. And the white cottage, inclosed by a thriving hedge, half

shaded by foliage, shews a side adorned with festoons of honeysuckle; and the spire-shaped poplar, mingled with the deeper tints of the elm, render it, if not a happy, a most inviting residence. The intervening fields, half converted by the rays of the Sun into the golden gifts of Ceres, remove the hills to that just distance which renders the outline soft and harmonious. Surely our most experienced ornamental gardeners could not have woven so beautiful a net of foliage as Nature has distributed over these demi-mountains, breaking every parallel or discordant line. A more distant hill rises to the left, tinged with purple, and broken by dark shadows, that define the hanging woods ascending from the base. An abrupt termination announces the effects of the furious North winds, and picturesque lines of saffron mark the ravines. Heavy clouds sweep slowly over its surface, broken by currents into fleecy shreds of vapour, that more rapidly change their places; assuming those fantastic forms which the painter must admire, but dare not imitate. The birds sung a thousand various notes, the milkmaid returned, the flail resounded, the sparrow chirped, the busy fly hummed, and the gentle breeze wafted a funereal summons.

The suburbs of Gloucester, remote from the Severn, have all that engaging cleanliness and rusticity in the houses, and simplicity in the inhabitants, which renders the country life so desirable. Many of the habitations have little gardens attached; and they are cultivated to the very edges of their inclo-

tures, with every description of vegetables ; and the doors are covered by honeysuckles. Immediately before that of the India House tavern stand the stocks, shaded by two fine trees, which renders them the most pleasant seat imaginable.

This City contains a number of those very antient buildings of timber and plaster which appear to have been contrived for no other purpose than to injure the health of their inhabitants—dark, projecting, inconvenient, inelegant ; but, I must confess, often picturesque. Others, of the meaner classes of houses, are small, but weather-proof and comfortable. Some are of brick, and very similar to those of modern London, except in colour. The fierce red of the materials shew that the Gloucestrian has not yet begun to mix cinders and ashes with his clay. There are some handsome stone houses, and the streets are extremely convenient, and paved with flags. The public structures of recent date do the inhabitants credit, but the antient churches have been sadly dilapidated. Those are all so inferior to the meanest portion of the Cathedral, that I shall confine myself to a particular description of it only ; and I do not despair, though much hath been written and engraved upon the subject, to bring into view a few hitherto unnoticed particulars in the proportions and ornaments. In this instance I conceive I am employed in an honourable pursuit : one which will contribute to convey a perfect remembrance of parts of our Cathedrals, imperfectly shewn in engravings, sometimes through inability



in the artist, and always distorted by the height and perspective, or obscure from shade and distance. This I perform with the greater pleasure, as I have seen some instances of neglect where repair is practicable, and foresee the total ruin of *all* our Cathedrals, in due course of time, from an uncontrollable cause, a cause that the whole bench of bishops, and the deans and chapters of each respective fane, cannot resist or remove: four words explain my meaning—*indifference in the publick*.

If the *repair* of an antient tomb at Canterbury cost £.200 a few years past, can any man be so ignorant as to suppose the funds of a Chapter would accomplish even those of the Cathedral without public assistance, independent of the walls; or that a dangerous East, West, South, or North side, could be taken down and rebuilt, with all its intricacies of arrangement, the mullions of the windows copied, the statues replaced, the minute ornaments restored, by the expenditure of the *whole establishment* of the Church? If the deficiencies in the accomplishment of such an undertaking were solicited from Parliament, would they be granted? I am afraid Henry the Seventh's Chapel, opposite St. Stephen's, is a direct negative\*. Let the application be made to individuals: a few may be found who would subscribe for *one* Church; but, alas!

\* In this particular instance I must own myself mistaken; the munificence of Parliament having enabled the Dean and Chapter, since this Work was first published, to commence a thorough repair of this beautiful specimen of architecture.

*every Diocese has its ruinous Cathedral*; and, I am confident, two millions might be expended in rebuilding and repairing where necessity now demands it should.

Public indifference, as far as it relates to places of worship, never ruled with more unbounded sway. See the *brick* chapels, the brick churches, that surround us; are *they* prognosticks of renovated Saxon, Norman, and florid styles, or indications that the strings of the public purse will relax, and pour forth riches into the hands of bishops to rear temples, or prevent those already reared from falling? There is, besides, another check which operates as a restraint on the liberality of men of taste. They know, by woeful experience, that we do not possess a single architect of sufficient skill to rebuild such roofs as they are fully competent to destroy. Sir Christopher Wren, deeply versed in the Grecian style, conscious of his own defects, dared not attempt more than a feeble imitation, in *stucco*, upon *wooden* groins; and candidly acknowledged he was ignorant where the first stone of our antient and wonderful roofs should be placed. Let the reader name the man at present *that has* built such a ceiling as that of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, or indeed many others far inferior, in *stone*. Let him not trust the architect who boldly exclaims "*I can*," till he has seen his model. It only remains to add, that the bulk of mankind, the opulent merchant, the rich tradesman, the farmer, and manufacturer, the possessors of hundreds of thousands, now live

in courts, alleys, and cottages, whence their thousands rush forward in the tides of loans, stocks, and lotteries, flowing again to the owners' iron chests in streams of prosperity, where it becomes dammed up, in vain seeking those little creeks or outlets that spread through the body-politic; encouraging genius, feeding the hungry, and cloathing the naked, by a thousand little means that the Divinity clearly points out, but which too many rich men will not see. Hence proceeds the demolition of palaces and grand structures, and the sale of the materials; the conversion of honourable buildings into hotels, boarding-schools, and manufactories; the neglect of sculpture, painting, architecture; the partial downfall of Macklin, Boydell, and Bowyer, and ruined Cathedrals and Churches.

After this exordium, it is to be presumed that the reader will perceive the necessity of such descriptions as the following.

#### GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

The Saxon architect, exalted and sublime in conception, formed a design too vast for execution. Like the poet, whose spirit soars into the inexhaustible scenes of invention, where he feels bewildered, and at a loss how to express the mighty thoughts which roll on his fancy; flowing periods, broken sentences follow, that abound in Attic fire, not to be attained by the dull observer of rules. Such were the thoughts, such the wonderful effects

produced by the great architect of the nave of this Cathedral. The pillars appear to have been designed for a structure far beyond the attainment of human abilities. Observe the bulk of those enormous columns. Let the imagination play with the ideas they inspire. Shall we not ascend with them into a fane whose roof would contend in altitude with the beautiful tower Eastward of them. Vast and majestic as they are, who besides the inventor dare divest them of their attributes and their proportions; who but he dare express that luxuriance of Eastern invention which reduces them within the bounds of a Cathedral?

We exclaim with justice against the incongruities which modern architects introduce into our antient buildings, and yet the highly-enriched specimens that surround us are the result of innovation and deviation. Ecclesiastical architecture had its *acmé*. Before that point was attained, our abbots and prelates encouraged improvement, and many centuries elapsed ere the ascent was completed. Art trembled at the summit. She saw a precipice beyond, that threatened giddiness and chaos to the ideas of her votaries: nor were her fears unfounded; they tottered on the brink, became confused, saw the necessity of descending, and are now almost arrived at the base, full of shame and regret at the superior powers of their predecessors.

At the very threshold, appropriate innovation smiles in semi-columns, a masterly admixture of fourteen swells and recesses, which are connected

by a pointed arch to square piers, faced to the East and West with others of the same description, relieved by a single slender pillar in the nave. Thence the Saxon springs at once to the grand circular column, *five paces* in diameter, whose arch is pointed. Thus we proceed to the eighth: each connected by semicircles, adorned with dentils and zigzags on the mouldings. To relieve the sameness of the intervals over the arches, our original architect soars again into the regions of fancy, and produces a fierce tiger's head, those of two beautiful females, a meagre nun's, a man with flowing hair, a sixth "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," the seventh a mask with a tonsure, concluding on the North side with a second nun. On the South side are the heads of, a monk, another bald, a youth, a cadaverous head, a third nun, two anchorites, and last, not least, a terrific mask. These heads serve as brackets for sixteen clusters of short pillars; whose capitals are rich foliage, and of infinite variety. Those support a zigzag string; on which are the bases of other pillars, five in each cluster, with capitals of transcendant beauty.

Six of the Eastern arches spring from the capitals of the lower range of short pillars; and each of these have heads, supporting slender columns for the ribs of the vaulted roof. Above every great semicircle are pierced windows, to the galleries, divided by thick pillars, and bounded by others with zigzag arches. Between those and the plainer clerestory windows is a twisted string. The roof

consists of comparatively modern arches, but little ornamented, with the exception of the key-stones, which are richly sculptured.

The two Western divisions of *deviation* abound with the most elaborate specimens of tracery, that lace and interlace the surface in every direction.

It is not my intention to fatigue the reader by a minute description of every part of this superb Cathedral, but merely to point out the striking contrast of styles, and the most interesting portions; and surely nothing ever surpassed the whimsical mixture of excessive strength and delicate attenuation of solidity observable within it. The South transept is formed by clusters, of five pillars each, whose span may be accomplished by my fingers and thumb, and four are even half that diameter. When such supports are compared with the Saxon masses of the nave, or with those far less, in the presbytery, the disproportion is monstrous. A modern architect, attempting such incongruities, would be expelled from the paths of science, and no one would employ him; yet each of the antient architects is sublime in his works, nor do the disproportions appear otherwise than grand eccentricities.

The East wall contains two arches of unequal sides; the West others: not only so, but the arches have unequal spans. The entrance from the nave has a pointed rib, on which are four pierced cinque-foil arches, supporting a row of quatrefoils, commencing a pierced window into the nave, crossed

by a buttress to one of the great pillars of the tower, intersected by a row of cinquefoil arches, and the arch with four cinquefoil divisions, and three trefoil, which are glazed.

The adjoining space differs only in the basement beneath the quatrefoils, which has two ranges of trefoil arcades.

The East side of the transept is very similar; but the upper parts of the windows have plain pointed apertures, continuations of plain mullions. Two smaller are filled with fanciful ornaments, in stained glass.—The largest pannels have canopies of superlative excellence. Broken angels on brackets connect mouldings of foliage; and spaces on the sides have rich trefoil arches. Behind them are three delicate mouldings, terminating in foliage. The roofs of these canopies are inconceivably sculptured in minute ornaments. A diminutive kneeling female figure broken, and a mutilated male, adorn the corners of the pedestal to the South statue, which was as large as the life. The North niche has a general resemblance, but is much plainer. A caryatide supports the cornice of the pedestal, in the form of a large man extended round it. Dean Tucker's monument defaces this niche.

The great arcade between these niches is filled by a vast plane of rich coloured marble, and a tablet to Martin Benson.

Another arcade contains two doors: one leading to the crypt, and the second to the presbytery. Their arches are escaloped from slender pillars;

and from each on angels are other pillars and arches, pierced trefoils in the angles, and angels with other trefoils. In a small pannel next the crypt door is a large and rich bracket, held by a bearded seated figure, ornamented by a second, tracery, and battlements.

The South window commences on the pavement, outlined by delicate columns, which reach to the vaults of the roof, with the arched mouldings from them. This is divided by a large mullion, and three others on each side, with trefoil arches; in the second of which, from the West, is a blank door, with large broken attending statues, perhaps of angels: an exquisite excursion of fancy, worthy of the age that produced this portion of the edifice. They recline, and appear to shew submissive regard to the visitor or the prelate who pass them. The heads, full of this expression, have been barbarously destroyed. Over the pannels or arcades extends an arched gallery, with a row of quatrefoils; and, still higher, is the glazing, with roses and other figures formed by the ramifications of the mullions.

From this excess of ornament our last architect of Gloucester Cathedral passes at once to the excess of simplicity, in a huge pointed arch, in the depth of which he has inserted two pillars on each side that terminate in one capital, perfect foils to the neighbouring splendour. That ardour which suggested these extravagances led him to place a plain moulded rib across the vast apertures of the slender



pillars of the tower within the choir, that support a clumsy set of small ones, secured by inverted curves. Those, reader, are the apparently frail foundations of a net of fillets and roses spread over the vault of the tower; which are indescribable from their intricacy and beauty. The square of the tower is thus formed to the North and South, and to the other points by filleted pillars and a plain arch; and rich ramifications in the Western, unconfined even by the rules of our antient style.

The roof of the South transept is a laboured design, consisting of a great number of triangles, squares, and lozenges; but destitute of the minute finishing observable in the North. When viewing with enthusiasm this grand assemblage of decoration and architectural skill, grouped by masterly taste and unrestrained ability, my ears were saluted by the soft sounds of a flute, touched by some unknown person in the cloisters. Strange and delightful were the effects. No sooner had the notes escaped, than instantaneously they were caught by the vaulted roofs, and reverberated from each to the other, in all the richness and variety of an organ, whose sounds were wafted on the gentle and holy air from the distant chapel of Our Lady; and a very dull imagination might have dwelt upon the fretted arches, and supposed a choir were chanting her praises.

The following interesting account of the whispering place, from the manuscript numbered 248 in the late Mr. Ayscough's Catalogue, British Mu-

seum, is the ingenious production of Mr. Henry Powle :

“ The Cathedral in Gloucester hath on either side the choir an aisle, and at the upper end a very fair chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Into this there is an entrance behind the high altar, under a spacious arch, and over the arch stands another little chapel, or cell, consecrated to one of the Apostles. The aisles are divided, by arches of stone, into two stories. From the floor to the uppermost of these there is a narrow passage, leading behind the Eastern window of the choir, and by the side of this little chapel, to the same floor of the other aisle. This passage or entry, so famous by the name of the Whispering-place, contains in breadth about three feet, and in height six and a quarter; save only on the side adjoining to the little chapel, where it riseth to be eight feet and about four inches high. The figure of it is the half of an irregular polygon, neither sides nor angles corresponding to one another. It consists wholly of free-stone, the roof being covered with a flat stone of the same breadth with the floor, but so unevenly wrought that I have seldom observed worse masonry in the same material.

“ It receives light from three little windows (each about fourteen inches square) in the roof; and from a door and thirteen windows which open into the chapel, formerly glazed whilst the church was in good repair, but now standing open without any

other furniture than the iron bars. Besides these apertures, there is a little door into a pair of stairs which carry you to the top of the Virgin Mary's chapel; but, because it is constantly kept shut, I shall mention it no farther, but refer you to the consideration of the figures.

“That which is so much admired in this place is the conveyance of the voice, every soft and gentle whisper being as distinctly heard the whole length of the passage (which is near 20 yards) as if you had applied your ear close to the mouth of the speaker. It is usual with such as keep the Cathedral, when they bring strangers thither, to place two persons, one at each end, bidding them to apply their mouths and ears alternately close to the inner wall, and so discourse together. And in this manner the voice seems to me to be best conveyed; but, upon the exactest trials I could make, I found that whether you laid your mouth to the inner or outer wall, or whether you spoke in the middle of the passage, there was so little difference that it required a very accurate observation to distinguish any at all; and as little alteration could I find by changing the place of the stature; for neither by coming nearer together could I perceive the voice magnified, nor by retiring to a greater distance (so I kept within the skirts of the passage) could I find it at all diminish. And this is all I could observe considerable, more than that an antient sexton told me that he remembered, when the windows into the

chapel had glass the voice was heard more clear and shrill than since they stood open.

“ At what time, and for what purpose, this place was built, there are no records now extant in the church that can determine ; but it is a tradition generally received, that it was contrived by the monks, to abuse the devotion of the more credulous sort of people ; who being trained hither to confession, were overheard by some of their confederates, they afterwards persuading these simple penitents that they came to the knowledge of their sins by divine revelation. Yet, upon serious view of the place, I am more inclined to believe that this effect was merely casual, and it was originally intended only for a passage from one aisle to the other, without descending into the body of the church, which is a great way about ; and cast into this compass figure that it might not prejudice the sight of the Eastern window, which is one of the fairest and largest that I have seen.”

Mr. Powle then proceeds with an attempt to account for this accidental effect ; which he illustrates by a drawing, that may have been clearly understood by himself, but I much doubt if the reader would comprehend it. I have therefore omitted it.

## THE CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

Of this words are incompetent to convey a correct idea; the beautiful and judicious mixture of simplicity, grace, and rich ornament, were never more happily blended: in short, it is a perfect building. A porch, faced by a screen, with two large mullions and seventeen divisions of trefoil arches and quatrefoils, forms the entrance. This and the whole floor of the chapel has been paved with coloured tiles; but forty antient and modern mementos of mortality have occasioned the removal of hundreds; and the constant tread of the priests, monks, and devotees, prepared them for that partial obliteration which will at last be accomplished by their successors, *visitors* of rather less devotion. Though many under the porch are undisturbed, yet there is not *one* complete circle remaining. Arms, *J. R. C.* or inscriptions in Saxon characters and crowns, are the ornaments of those tiles.

The basement of the chapel and entrance is not altogether unlike the Tuscan order, and the height is exactly suited for a convenient seat. The first arch of the latter is formed by clustered pillars and numerous mouldings, inclosing eight pannels on each side, separated by quatrefoils, whose arches contain cinquefoils. The apex of the vault is covered by an elegant pendant, enriched with ovals of quatrefoils, and secured by four ribs diverging from it. The outline of the porch next the chapel is composed by slender pillars and plain

mouldings, without a pendant. The tracery on the cieling is a cross of seventeen pendants, the sides divided into rays of trefoil pannels. The remainder consists of eight unequal-sided angles, on which are ribs and cinquefoil pannels.

The sides of the porch are pierced into beautiful windows, with three horizontal rows of quatrefoils, making three divisions in the height. The first is divided into ten blank cinquefoil pannels; the second five, three of which are glazed, and two blank. Of the glass only two painted canopies remain. The upper division is the arch of the window. In this there are four pannels: those to the right glazed, the rest blank. The former have portraits of Saints, but they appear to have been patched by a clumsy artist. The centre has two arches, and two oval quatrefoils filled with heterogeneous objects in coloured glass. The borders of these windows are bounded by pillars; which form four narrow pannels, filled by eight niches. Two on the North side are destroyed by the cumbrous monument of Sir John Powell. The pedestals and canopies are of the most minute and elegant sculpture, but the niches are empty.

The West end of our Lady's Chapel consists of one grand arch above the porch, springing from a base of eleven ovals, filled by blank shields surrounded by leaves. There are pannels and niches on the sides; and the centre contains 42 unequal-sized pierced trefoil arches, and two quatrefoils. It is impossible to describe the rich effect of this mag-

nificent skreen, which incloses an oratory on the cieling of the porch.

The North and South sides of the chapel have ten columns; each formed by three pillars, bound by fillets. Every column has two narrow pannels, with cinquefoil pannels at their bases, and three niches on caryatide busts of angels, who bear scrolls, originally inscribed with the names of the Saints above them; which it is almost unnecessary to say are destroyed. Their canopies are pierced, and the pinnacles on them extremely slender and rich.

There are eight windows: four on each side. Two of those are, however, only skreens to the chantry chapels. The rest are glazed. The bases are rows of quatrefoils. These ornaments support five mulions, with ten divisions; on which are other quatrefoils. Between them and the arch of the window are three divisions: the first with five cinquefoil divisions, and quatrefoils above; the second the same number, trefoiled, and plain leaves in the angles; the third with trefoil pannels. The arch contains ten pannels.

On the South side near the altar, are three niches for the officiating priests. The architect has exerted his best abilities in designing those sacred receptacles; and his sculptor entered into the spirit of his employer so much to the purpose, that I do not hesitate to pronounce them equal, if not superior, to any in the kingdom. The minute buttresses that separate the recesses, the pillars of the diameter of wands, the little arcades, capitals, foli-

age, quatrefoils, and tracery of groins, and ornaments on the canopies, together with the pinnacles, are incredibly beautiful, and of most masterly execution, when it is recollected that the stone is of a coarse texture, and therefore extremely difficult to chissel without breaking the whole to pieces. The piscina, on a rich pedestal, is deserving of equal praise.

The arches of the skreens to the oratories are like those of the windows. The two lower divisions are also like them, except that two large curvatures, or ribs, form pierced arches within the chapels; from whose points segments of circles are thrust through the centre pannels, and terminate in mouldings opposite the cielings. On these are battlements of pierced arches and quatrefoils. The cielings and walls have every variety of decoration suited to the enriched pointed style.

The altar is elevated on three steps; on which are costly, but very clumsy rails. The pavement of the area within them is of the same description of worn glazed tiles which form that of the body of the chapel. The table is covered by fringed crimson damask drapery; and on it are three cushions of the same material. Whatever may have been the attractions of the antient altar-piece, they are now either hidden or totally destroyed, by a basement of wood, with *outlines* of quatrefoils; on which are four enriched *Grecian* pilasters, either *Tuscan* or *Doric*, that support a *Composite* cornice. Such are the cherubs, and fruit, and flowers, in the



pointed pannels of the pilasters. Three large half-Gothic *outlines* compose the intercolumniations; and six pretty quatrefoils, with roses in their centres, adorn the angles. Directly over the table is a good *alto relievo* of a nimbus. The clouds that surround it are soft and fleecy; but the Cherubim, that flutter near them, have inexpressibly sweet and innocent features. Four *antique* vases finish this intruder. Reader, let your imagination swell a side window into a space as capacious as the Eastern end of Our Lady chapel, with two divisions more in the centre, and then suppose the morning sun playing upon every brilliant tint of which glass is susceptible; your eye, dazzled by more than earthly splendour, will imperfectly trace the holy form of Jesus, surrounded by his attendant kings, prelates, and abbots, sainted for their moral lives. There behold and admire the inventive art of our predecessors, whose powers were equal to the introduction of 37 distinct figures, totally varied in their attitudes, yet each employed in acts of pious devotion directed to the same object. Grand and resplendent as this beautiful window unquestionably is, it is surpassed by that of the choir, which is infinitely larger, and crowded with enrichments: so much so, that description would fatigue and confound the reader.

The roof of the chapel of Our Lady is superb, but perfectly simple, and consists of one great pointed arch, indented by those of the windows. A centre rib, with one on each side, extend East and West.

Seven others diverge from each column; and, intersecting, the whole surface is formed into a vast variety of lozenges, rays, and angles, bounded by fillets running in zigzags. Nothing can exceed the invention displayed in the embossed flowers, foliage, and scrolls, spread over the intersections.

Such is this portion of Gloucester Cathedral. The architecture of the choir is of the same description; perhaps more magnificent. The cloisters partake of the same enrichments. Other parts of the building, and the outside, are too familiar to the publick to require particular notice from me. The history of its erection, the monuments, and lives of the abbots and prelates, have frequently been detailed at length.

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I was sorry to hear a great deal of obscenity and improper language in the vicinity of the Severn, expressed by the lasses in a strong provincial accent; and I could discover but little difference in their habits and manners from those of Wapping and Rotherhithe, on the banks of the Thames. The higher classes of people, with the exception of a little rusticity and a certain stiffness of demeanour not observable in London, have much the appearance of our citizens; though perhaps their manner of dressing and walking is not quite so elegant and easy. Many of the young shopmen appear to have been transferred from London, accompanied by the

modesty which so particularly characterizes that description of the body-politick.

I directed several inquiries to the labouring class of the Gloucester community, on purpose to discover their disposition; and found them universally respectful, obliging, and communicative.

The country between Gloucester and Hereford is a rugged surface of rocks, but slightly covered with soil, tinged with red, which enlivens the green of vegetation to a wonderful degree of brilliancy. Little crags, in perpendiculars of three or four feet, are spread over the romantic sides of the hills; and their superficies are entwined with the most fantastic ramifications of branches and varieties of foliage. These projections, shaded by Nature's beautiful canopies, are retreats for the sheep; whose frequent entries and exits wear away the earth, till a bed is excavated to the shape of their bodies; and thus they repose in their cells, secure from the attacks of cold and the rain, while the traveller beneath labours with difficulty and danger along the rough road, which half lames his horse, or jolts his head against the roof of his vehicle.

However unpleasant the roads through this tract of country, they are counterbalanced by the fascinating scenery, which is beautiful throughout every valley, and grand on every mountain. Even their sterile summits make a sublime aerial termination above the foliage of their sides.

## ROSS

Is situated in the centre of these wilds, and almost shadowed to the East by picturesque eminences of stupendous magnitude, whose precipices are concealed by the thickets that hide the remains of antient intrenchments. The town and church grace the verge of crags to the West ; and many of the houses hang on the bare rock, which frowns over the Wye. The streets are dreadfully rough and unpleasant, but the neighbouring fields and meadows give views truly beautiful.

## HEREFORD.

The environs of this city are level ; but heights surround it, with some exceptions, at about three miles distance. The spires are generally handsome, and, with the vast tower of the cathedral, contribute to give the place considerable consequence. The streets are wide, and the houses almost universally well built. Some of the antient dwellings are grotesque, with the timbers coloured black and the plaster white. The walls and ditch are nearly perfect in many instances, particularly near the site of the castle ; and the promenade on the Wye is extremely pleasant.

## HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

Before I present the reader with my observations, and particular description of this yet superb Cathedral, I think it necessary to shew him what it has

been, in order that he may form a just estimate of the changes which have occurred since the following account of it was compiled, extracted from Harl. MS. 4046.

“ On the West great window were the pictures on the left hand of John Duke of Bedford, third son to Henry IV. and after, in the 5th of Henry V. he was by Parliament made regent of France, and head of the weal-publick during the King's minority and abode in France. In the 1st year of Henry VI. he was made regent of France. He most valiantly vanquished the Frenchmen in a sea-fight at the mouth of the river Seine; and was slain in a battle on land, before Verneuil; and was buried in Roan, and together with him all the Englishmen's good fortune in France. Under his effigies stood his arms: France and England quarterly, a label of five points, party A. and B. On the B. 6 fleurs-de-lis O. on the A. 6 Ermines.

The next was Richard King of England, &c. and under him the arms of France and England quarterly.

The third was the effigies of Henry IV. King of England, &c. with the same arms; the father of John Duke of Bedford on the left hand; next was

Henry V. King of England, &c. In this King's reign, that John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, was regent in his minority, under whom were the above arms; then

Henry VI. with the arms of England, &c. The farthest upon the right hand was the effigies of

Humphrey Plantagenet, the fourth son of King Henry IV. brother to the Duke of Bedford; was created Duke of Gloucester; a great favourer of learning, and as great a patron of this church; was made Protector at the coronation of King Henry VI.; and in the 25th year of the said King's reign he was arrested, upon a pretence of treason, at a parliament at Bury, and within a few days found dead in his bed. Under him was the arms of France and England, quarterly; a label of five points Ermines.

Under that, in the same window, was found a broken inscription; where was left . . . . . Thomas Chandelero Decanus Ecclesie Cathedralis tunc temporis quæ fenestra facta fuit.

William Lochard lies buried in the body of the church, near unto this West end, betwixt two pillars on the North side of the church, under a ground tomb-stone, with much brass-work inlaid; his garments as of a religious; upon the double opening of which are the portraitures of divers saints: on the left side an effigies, underwritten St. Ethelbert; 2dly, St. Berian; 3dly, St. Mary Magdalen; 4thly, St. Thomas of Hereford: on his right side, St. Maria; 2dly, St. Georgius; 3dly, St. Katharine; 4thly, St. Thomas Cantuariensis: with this circumscription towards the outside of the stone:

“ Hic jacet Dñs Willm's Lochard, quondam hujus Ecclesie Canonicus ac Residentiarius et Precentor ejusdem Ecclesie, insuper Decanus St. Beriane lib' Capelle Reg' in Cornub', qui inter alia bona que

huic contulit Eccie magnam fenestram in occidentali parte ejusdem Eccie cum total' apparat' suo, propriis costagiis fieri fecit et expens'. Obiitq<sup>e</sup> 24 die Septemb. anno Dñi 1438, 16 Hen. VI."

Nothing at this present of the painting of the window is left but the Knights Templars' arms in the corners ; but before you pass farther, if you will look under your feet near the great West door, you will find the figures of a woman and a man, in an antique dress ; the woman lying on the right hand of her husband. The words remaining upon the brass leaf about the stone :

“ ✠ O ye Pylidrymes that herby make youre passage prayeth for John Fuyst and Kateryne his wyffe that of this lyff have endyde her Pylgrymage.

“ And that xiiii chylderne hadene wt pesyble lyffe  
viii sonnes, vi dowtres, in maryage wtowten stryffe ;  
And v tymes was Meyre of this cytee ;  
And that as a marchunt ledde a worthy lyff,  
And honorably ruled hit in prosperytee ;  
That hense decesyd as all we schulle inmyghty.  
In the yer of grace from Crystes Incarnacion  
A m. cccc. wt five and fifty, the ix day of September, made  
her mutacion  
From Erthe to Hevyn, have changed habytacion !

“ With a Pat. Nost. and an Ave prayeth hit may soe be and to resseyve joye for her endles salvacion eternally to preyse.”

Near the city, without Widemarsh gate, close to the Moor, there is a remembrance of him still in a

place called Fuystas Moor, now in the tenure of Mr. Walsh.

We will pass from the West end of the church, along by the North side, and view what remains are on that part. On the lowest window North are these coats: 1. B. a fess between 6 cross botons Or. This is enquartered in the Lord Hunsdon's coat, who is a Cary: but I believe it may be given by a younger Beauchamp, with the alteration of the colours of the field from G. to B. which hath been seen sometimes.

2. Bendy of 10 pieces O. and B. This coat was given, with a label, by the Mountfords.

3. Is the first coat of the Beauchamps, impaled with some one that is wanting now.

In the second window North: 1. B. a bend A. between 2 bendlets and 6 lions rampant O. in memory of some of the Bohuns, earls of Hereford; who, notwithstanding their great places in court, as being Constables of England, and Stewards of the King's household, did often reside in this country, at their Castle of Huntingdon; about which place, and in several places of this and the neighbouring country, they had a large estate.

2. B. 3 cinquefoils pierced O. by the name of Bardolfe; who were Lords Bardolfe of Stoke Bardolfe.

3. B. 3 barnacles O. on a chief a demi lion rampant G. in remembrance of a match between Joan, daughter and heir to Peter de Jenevill and Roger Mortimer, *temp.* Edward III.



On the third window upwards: 1. Barry of 6 pieces O. and B. on a chief of the first 3 pallets between 3 herons of the 2d, an escocheon A. The arms of the renowned and great family of Mortimer, or *De Mortuo Mari*, of the Castle of Wigmore, in this tract, who were earls of Ulster and March. Their arms are in many places of this county; who were, because of their being Earls Marchers, most commonly resident here.

2. Is the same with the Mortimers before expressed; but over all a saltire G.

3. A. a lion rampant G. on a bordure B. bezantee O. An acknowledgment of some of the dukes of Cornwall's younger brethren; for I find one John Cornewall, descended of a younger brother of Richard, King of Romans, to be *temp.* Henry V. created Baron of Franhope, *aliter* Fanhope, in this county.

On the fourth window North from the West: 1. A. a maunch G. This is in memory of a match between Alice, daughter and heir of Ralph de Toneio, or Toney, whose ancestors were standard-bearers to William the Conqueror, and one of the Beauchamps earls of Warwick, who were very great benefactors to this church. These Toney or Todinies were great men; and Robert, in the reign of Edward II. lived at Castle Colvin, in Radnorshire; which was parcel of this county, by the Lords Marchers.

2. Party per pale, the first is G. 3 demi lions passant O. The other is B. 3 bends O.

3. O. a maunch G. Henry Lord Hastings married Joan, daughter and heir to William Cantelupe,

lord of Bergavenny ; in whose right he was Lord of Bergavenny, of whom did descend Lawrence Hastings, lord of Bergavenny, created Earl of Pembroke by King Edward III. He was advanced to this honour in the right of Isabel his grand-mother, first daughter and one of the heirs of William Valence, earl of Pembroke. John Lord Hastings succeeded ; who was slain at a tournament at Woodstock, 15 Richard II. and had no issue. The Lords of Bergavenny have had, and at this present have, a very great command in this county, about the Long town.

In the fifth window North is : 1. Party per pale O. and Vert, a lion rampant G. ; the arms of the Bigods. *Temp.* R. Stephani, Hugh was duke of Norfolk and Norwich ; of whom descended Roger Bigod, earl of Norfolk and marshal of England ; who, it is said, gave King Edward I. half his lands in England and Wales, with the earldom of Norfolk and marshalsy of England ; which had fair lands in this county belonging to it.

2. Gules 3 lions passant guardant O. England.

3. O. 3 chevrons G. This is in memory of the Clares ; who derived themselves from Robert, the base son of King Henry I. Richard had issue Gilbert de Clare ; unto whom King Edward I. with the earldom of Gloucester, gave the earldom of Hereford or Hartford. It is written promiscuously by the same authors, though I should think it could not well be the earldom of Hereford ; because I find the Bohuns did lineally continue the honour. How-

ever, they were patrons of this church, and had lands in this county.

In the sixth window is nothing but the arms of the see, twice expressed ; G. 3 leopards heads reversed, jessant 3 fleurs de lis. Under which is the tomb of Bishop Booth, in the wall arched.

On the wall is a checky work of stone. On every other square is a spread eagle A. There, through a door, you enter St. Katherine's aile ; where, on the North end, is the tomb of Bishop Westfaling, and his coat of arms over it ; viz. B. a cross between 4 galthropes O. impaled with a chevron ingrailed between 3 crosses fitché S. on the chevron 2 lions combatant of the field ; by the name of Barlow, his wife being of that family ; his effigies there at large, with several memorials about it. At his feet is the tomb of one of the Charltons. Near that is a plain tomb of black, low placed, with a cross of white stone placed the length and breadth. On the wall near it, the painting of a bishop in his pontificals. Who it is I cannot, I dare not guess.

Then have you, with one against the East wall of this aile, the famous tomb of Saint Thomas de Cantilupe, bishop of this see of Hereford. The work very fair and well designed. His figure of brass, which lay in the upper ark, was stolen away about the year 1652. The adornments of the lower ark, being well-wrought figures of armed squires, in sorrowful postures, had their heads knocked off in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth's days, for the superstitious acknowledgements they bore to a popish

saint, by some over-forward ignorant. Near which, high in the wall, is the memorial of Bishop Field, with this escocheon over his head, in a pontifical dress : Arms of the see of Hereford, impaled with, Vert, a chevron inter 3 garbes Or, by the name of Feild.

You then, by the fair tomb of Bishop Peter de Aqua Blanca, bishop of Hereford, pass out of this aisle into another, Eastward, by divers other bishops' tombs in arches, in the North wall, of which hereafter we shall discourse ; and there, in the window near Bishop Stanbury's chapel, G. plain cross O. ; by which is the chapel most commonly called Bishop Stanbury's ; who lies buried over against it, near the high altar, in which are many arms, carved in stone, the colours lost. Then follow nine others, which hold forth some conceit or other. The first of those is twice set over the tomb of a bishop ; whose monumental inscription is so spoiled that he cannot be found out. (These are drawn by the author, and represent a mitre, a mitre and two crosiers crossed, a chalice and sprinkle, a cross, ladder, scourge, the nails, the crown of thorns, and the garment of Christ ; the badge of the Knights Templars ; St. Andrew's cross, with the emblems of St. Peter ; and the staff, scrip, and bottle, of a pilgrim).

In the window over Bishop Stanbury's chapel there be three coats ; Or, 5 chevrons B. G. a displayed eagle A. This was the arms of Leofrick, earl of Mercia and Chester ; as also of Leicester ;

whose son Algar, joining with Griffith, prince of Wales, burned down this minster. And this is supposed by some to be part of the old minster wall, and a memorial of its remaining. Leofrick, by many chronologies, is rendered a great benefactor to this church.

Barry of 6 pieces verry of A. and G. and B. This is a remembrance of Breos, lord of Brecknock.

In the first window of the uppermost cross aisle, towards the North, are three coats: "An eagle displayed A. *vide* before; O. five chevrons B.; Paly of 6 pieces O. and G.; and was the arms of Raymond Berengarius, earl of Provence, whose daughter was married (as is reported) to Richard king of Romans; and was his second wife. Quere if the Cornwalls pretend from her? or else quere another bearer?

On the next window furthest North of this aisle are: O. 5 chevrons B. Deest. O. 3 chevrons G. in memory of the Clares, earls of Gloucester and Hartford. On the next window East of that aisle are: England; Barry of 6 pieces A. and G. and B. Breos; Barry of 6 pieces O. and B. on a chief of the first 3 pallets between two germs of the 2d, an escocheon A. by the name of Mortimer.

On the next window, betwixt the former and the library (the Lady chapel) are three coats: O. 5 chevrons B.; Barry of 6 pieces O. and B. on a chief of the first 3 pallets, &c. Mortimer: B. 3 leopards heads jessant 3 fleurs de lis O. This is probable to be a remembrance of a cadet of the family of Cantilupe.

Under these windows is an inclosed altar, to which are divers ascents; and upon the two folding doors four coats of arms: O. 5 chevrons B. Quarterly, France some fleurs-de-lis, and England Paly of 6, O. and B.; over all a bend G. G. a fess verry. B. and O. inter 3 leopard's heads reversed, jessant 3 fleurs-de-lis O.

It is built after the form of the church of Aix, Aich, or Aquisgrave, antiently Aquæ Sextiæ, in Germany, famous for the defeat given to Beleus, king of the Cimbrians, by Marius. The reason of the church-yard, and the place about it, as the garden belonging to St. Katharine's, on the South of the Minster, and the garden of the Palace (at least a great part of it), being so full of dead men's bones that it should seem a wonder they buried so close, or, as I may say, almost one upon another, was either the great mortality in 13. ., or else for the great number of parishes adjacent to the city here, which for a long time were bound to bury in this church-yard, that so all the oblations might come to them, and perhaps the erection of many chantries, which would in time have been much to their benefit had it continued, as well as the probate of wills, which were in those elder times peculiars to certain abbeys as well as to cathedrals. So had Pershore Abbey, where you may see the number of villages that were bound to this observation, by the oath of Walter, the prior of Pershore, which he made when the Abbey was burnt, 1223, and their records lost. You perceive by a record of Alans-

moor how grievous the Dean and Chapter took the infringement of this custom.

The spire, from the upper "*bowle*" to the battlements, is upon the measure 92 feet high; and from the bowle to the weather-cock about ten feet more.

St. Anne's aisle. It is built in length North and South, and runs from the choir to the middle steeple, towards the Chapter-house.

The Chapter-house is on the South side of the Minster; the entrance into which is out of the East part of the cloister called the Lady Arbour; where it stands, in a ten-squared form, between the cross South aisle of the Minster, answering to the choir, and the palace of the bishop.

In the entrance, which is about 14 feet long, from the cloister to the Chapter-house, and ten feet broad, there is a ground tomb-stone, with this circumscription:

"Hic jacet D'n's Thomas de Birynton, quondam subthesaurarius hujus eccl'ie, qui obiit xii die mensis Junii, anno D'ni mill' ccc.lxxv."

Out of which porch or entrance you pass into the Chapter-house itself; which is in form decagonal, with windows round, supported in the middle by one single column, of very exquisite work, embossed with figures. Under the windows are, in every square, five niches, there being nine squares besides the square of the entrance. In every niche is an effigies, or picture, as big as the life, in all 45 pictures on the wall, admirably painted. On the left hand the first square presents you with five

effigies: two crowned kings, the two first which I do judge to be St. Ethelbert and Milfrith, the first founder of the church. Third, a bishop mitred: Quære St. Athelstan, or Robert Lorrain, having the figure of a church in his hand. Fourth and fifth were the two sisters Wluine and Godive. If Godive had been married, as supposed to be the wife of Leofric and mother of Algar (which nevertheless is probable), surely they would not paint them in such maidenly, but rather in a matronly habit.

The second, third, fourth, and fifth squares, are the effigies of Christ, some of the apostles and primitive saints, which, being embezzled by private hands, and some pulled down, cannot be discovered. In the sixth square is a knight, in antique armour, underwritten S. Georgius; a bishop, mitred, underwritten S. David Ep'us; a nun, habited in black; a bishop, mitred, S. Thelyæ; a knight Templar, in his habit and mail. Over these are three escocheons, of the one and same bearing; quarterly 1st O. maunch G. (2) Barry of 10 pieces A. and B. over all 7 martletts G.

In the right square is: a king, in parliament robes, underwritten Sanctus Edwardus; a veiled black nun; a king, crowned like one of the later Norman kings; a woman, S. Wenefreida; a mitred bishop, with his crosier, S. Ceadda; over all of them, five times expressed, this escocheon, G. 3 lions' heads erased A.

On the ninth square, and last, be five effigies; all of them, I believe, intended for the represen-



tation of the Virgin Mary; which I guess to be so, because three or four of them seemed to have babes in their arms. And in a lesser portraiture, below them, are the pictures of some religious, uttering a prayer, with extended hands. One of them hath on the one side of him this legible: "D'n's Johan-nes Prat."

The reader will recollect that the West end of the nave is modern, with some few exceptions, the unavoidable consequence of the sudden fall of that part of the structure a few years past. The side ailes were but partially injured by the above lamented event, and the great Saxon pillars remain as they originally stood, with the exception of the Western arch. These enormous masses of stone, twelve in number, have fluted zigzag and tracery capitals, with many lozenges and zigzag ornaments in their arches.

There are six windows and *one half* on the South side; and four large ones, with two narrower, on the North. In the former is a door to the cloisters, and in the latter another to the grand North porch. The clerestory windows are far from handsome, and the mullions terminate in very disagreeable figures, for which I have not terms; but those of the ailes are more graceful, the spaces in the arches being filled by large trefoils, and a cinquefoil each.

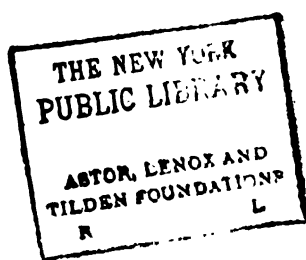
The ciellings of the ailes are pointed with plain intersecting ribs. Mr. Wyatt's work begins from the string above the Saxon pillars. He has introduced,

over each arch, plain pairs of niches, or blank gallery windows, separated by slender pillars. Clustered columns are attached to the Saxon; and those ascend to the roof, and support the groins; which are well imagined, and at least equal to those of the choir. The ornaments on the intersections are but indifferently executed.

The West door is plain, and the arch flat. The great window consists of six cinquefoil divisions, over which are three smaller; and the upper part of the arch is filled by three quatrefoils. The general appearance of this nave denotes œconomy: it would therefore be unfair to enter into a criticism, when we reflect that great part of the beauty of the pointed style consists in the rich ornaments attendant on every window, niche, cornice, or capital. We should besides reflect, that if those were stripped from our most admired structures, the outline would appear extremely simple, and possibly not unlike Mr. Wyatt's nave. That gentleman was compelled to make his mouldings perfectly plain, his capitals the same, to exclude arcades of rich tracery, canopies, statues, &c. &c. for the reasons given in a former page. Such is the nave of Hereford Cathedral: the reader will now have the goodness to accompany me to the Lady Chapel, or Eastern extremity of the building, whence we will proceed to the West end.

## THE CHAPEL OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The character of this beautiful pile is full of simplicity and elegance. The great vault of the roof is supported by walls of inconsiderable altitude, when compared with the fully-enriched antient style; and the whole interior is a perfect contrast to the same portion of Gloucester Cathedral. In short, although every arch is pointed in both instances, there is as much variation in the aggregates as is observable in the human countenance; in which consists the greatest possible eulogium on the talents of our wonderful architects. The stupid and contemptible use made of the Chapel destroys the union of its parts, and renders it little better than a lumber-room. The bigoted abhorrence of the Roman Catholic religion exhibited by our ancestors, is still suffered to exist in its effects in too many instances. If *they* thought proper to convert this sacred edifice, dedicated to the service of God, *into a library*, and to encumber the walls with clumsy presses and benches for books and their readers, why should *we* *continue* the profanation? Respectable and necessary as the pursuits of literature are to the community, it is by no means *necessary* to intrude it upon religion. For my own part, there is not a room in Hereford in which I would not rather study than in this chapel; which has an Eastern window of five lancet-shaped arches, separated by isolated clusters of columns, filleted and surmounted by





N<sup>o</sup> 1

N<sup>o</sup> 5. N<sup>o</sup> 4



Sections of windows in



N<sup>o</sup> 3

N<sup>o</sup> 2



Harford Cathedral

capitals of unequalled richness. The arrangement is pyramidal, and the outline of the centre arch is indented by semi-circles; and all the mouldings have alto-relievos, or rather isolated foliage, and their terminations supported by heads. I have ventured to give an imperfect sketch of the principal aperture, No. 1, and I feel confident that the Reader will fully subscribe to my opinion of its excellence. The same plate contains outlines of other windows, in various parts of the Cathedral.

The remainder of the Eastern wall, above the great window, has three oval and two circular quatrefoil apertures, with fret-work borders.

On the North and South sides are three clustered pillars and semi-pillars in each corner. The capitals of those are rich in design: one particularly so. This represents a person, inclosed in leaves and scrolls, endeavouring to disengage himself from them. Three of the intercolumniations next the altar have double lancet-shaped windows; the two Eastern with plain mullions; their depths contain five filleted pillars and eight mouldings, the outside springing from heads. The points of the arches are whimsically decorated by grotesque seated figures. Above are quatrefoils.

The first intercolumniation on the South side is like the North; but the second has an arch, partly closed by a screen of pannels and quatrefoils, coloured and gilt, with niches of painted saints.

This oratory forms five sides of an octagon; with windows of two mullions, cinquefoils, arches, leaves,

and quatrefoils. A semi-circle of arcades ascends from each corner ; and a circle in the centre of the cieling contains a painting of a female saint (possibly the Virgin Mary) surrounded by squares and lozenges, inclosing quatrefoils. The tracery is coloured red, the ground blue, and roses within each are gilt. Several emblazoned coats of arms are scattered over the vault\*.

The West end of the Chapel originally was open to the Presbytery. The cieling is a perfect model of simplicity, with seven enriched groins. The site of the altar is paved with coloured tiles, much worn. Some of the devices on them were lions and fleurs-de-lis.

#### THE PRESBYTERY

contains a large circular column, whose capital is of foliage ; and two clustered columns terminate near the capitals, in beautiful brackets. Those are on the West side. On the East is a second circular column ; and on each side clusters of small pillars. The groins from East to West are perfectly plain ; but they are intersected by others, with Saxon dentils and lozenges.

At each end of the Presbytery the Cathedral

\* I must candidly acknowledge I omitted accidentally to inquire whose oratories were contained in the Cathedral. In short, my faculties were quite absorbed in the description. But my quotations will obviate the omission in great measure.

extends into square chapels; with roofs supported by large octagon centre pillars, and capitals of roses and shields. Perfectly plain ribs diverge from those, and terminate in the walls on brackets. The varieties in the windows are shewn on the plate, Nos. 2, 3, 4. The chapels are separated from the aisles North and South of the choir by strong arches. The North aisle contains a window similar to No. 3 in the Presbytery; a tall lancet-shaped one, with a mullion and a small trefoil; and a door. A strong plain pointed arch crosses the aisle; and the groins of those which intersect its roof are very plain. They however spring from brackets of grotesque imagination, representing ludicrous, and probably satirical, busts. Under the great window is a beautiful chantry chapel, whose roof is a continued fretwork of cinquefoils, trefoils, and pointed pannels. The capitals of the pillars which support it are angels and dragons. The sides of this chantry are covered with arcades, quatrefoils, roses, emblems, and shields. The window is enriched in the same style. But neither the exquisite forms of the component parts, nor the solemn purpose for which it was intended, and to which it has been applied, have operated sufficiently on the recollection of its present keepers to occasion the removal of the filth within it, that defiles a *Christian church*, not a neglected chantry. Here I agree with the enemies of innovation; and, as I have done justice to the diocesans, chapters, &c. in respect to their disability in rebuilding and repairing, I feel doubly autho-



rised in censuring improprieties within their power of redress.

The North transept is so spacious, that it serves admirably for a parish-church; consequently the pavement is clogged by pews. The West side has two very large lancet-shaped windows, with two mullions, and plain arches; and quatrefoils above them. Their sides are adorned by clusters of pillars, sadly broken. A third window appears to have been left incomplete. Under it is a blank Saxon window, with a zigzag moulding from three-quarter columns. Between the windows are two piers, and clustered columns with broken bases.

The North end is one great window, divided by a cluster of pillars; above the arches of which are a large rose and a small quatrefoil. Those divisions are again divided by two mullions in each, terminating in plain arches; over them two plain ovals and one quatrefoil. The pulpit and reading-desk stand beneath this window; which, with many others in this Cathedral, disprove the assertion that our antient architects never failed to ornament their circles, and arches in windows, with "the characteristic trefoil." The reader will find, in the plate of windows, one as plain as any produced by a modern architect.

On the East side of this transept is an aisle, separated from it by a large circular pillar, surrounded by four others, and four smaller, with the most beautiful foliage imaginable. These, and two semi-pillars, make two open arches, with grand mould-

ings, partially ornamented in the Saxon style. The cieling of the aisle has plain groins, and the windows are as on the plate, No. 5.

From the Eastern pillars, clusters of others ascend to the roof, which commence on fluted brackets. Between them are six open colonnades; formed, by slender clusters of pillars, into trefoil arches, with three quatrefoils. The spaces surrounding the colonnade are a continued surface of roses, bounded by an enriched string. The clerestory windows are deep niches, filled by quatrefoils. The cielings of this transept have eight plain groins.

#### THE SOUTH TRANSEPT

has a very large window, over six tall cinquefoil arcades, with quatrefoils above them, of six cinquefoil divisions, and eighteen trefoils, with others in the arch. On each side of this window are three blank niches, and brackets of angels and heads; over it a row of arcades.

The Eastern wall has a high blank circular arcade, formed from three-quarters pillars. On each side of it are twisted strings, and blank plain arches. Under that to the North is another blank arch, and three-quarter columns. A zigzag string separates those from a colonnade of pillars, almost as broad as they are long, composing the bases of eight arches, as remarkable for their diminutive size as the capitals are for their enormous bulk, which is the characteristick of the rudest Saxon architecture.

Above are twelve blank semi-circular arches ; then a twisted string ; and, finally, two circular windows, and a colonnade of five arches, exactly copied from the first-mentioned.

The Western side of the transept has a large window, of very plain divisions ; and a second, high, but smaller, of twelve cinquefoil parts.

Two clustered pillars, in the South-east and South-west corners, and four brackets with short pillars, support the roof, from which Mr. Wyatt had his model for that of the nave.

#### THE CHOIR

*has been* a grand specimen of the enriched Saxon style, and of the most capricious design. The piers that support the tower are of immense bulk ; and their surfaces are judiciously broken into resemblances of pilasters, with narrow cornices rather than capitals, whose mouldings are an eccentric variety of elegant ornaments, very minutely executed. The principal arches from those are semi-circles, with lozenge borders ; but others introduced into the angles are covered by numbers of groins, in the perfect pointed manner. Two on the sides seem calculated for eternal duration ; and the way in which they are introduced renders it impossible any failure should occur, unless the excessive weight of such a mass of stone might cause the foundation to sink. The lower parts of the choir are more than usually encumbered with monuments

and stalls. The former are in the Grecian style, and of enormous dimensions. Consequently, whatever the walls or pillars originally were, they are now irreparably injured. We will therefore ascend above the latter, which are certainly in a correct taste, and examine the architecture. An arch on the South side, with lozenge ornaments next the piers of the tower, has been closed. Above it is a great blank; and the clerestory pointed window, separated into tall arches by beautiful pillars and capitals, is singularly obstructed by an odd set of steps. The two strings that cross the space are richly sculptured.

Two pillars, on the same number of piers, with almost Corinthian capitals, bound a wide pilaster or abutment; above which are two small pediments, covered by sculpture; from this, and another exactly similar, there are two clusters, of three pillars each, which ascend to the second string, whose admirably-executed capitals support three very plain groins of the pointed cieling. These whimsical abutments represent two grand pillars, supporting the same number of pediments; but, as if the architect had imagined they would attract too much attention, he has covered them with a plain mask; *rather short for his purpose*, leaving the pediments peeping above it. Would such an experiment be tolerated from a modern? No, Mr. — would forfeit all pretensions to a chaste imitation of our truly-capricious styles.

Between each abutment are two circular pillars,

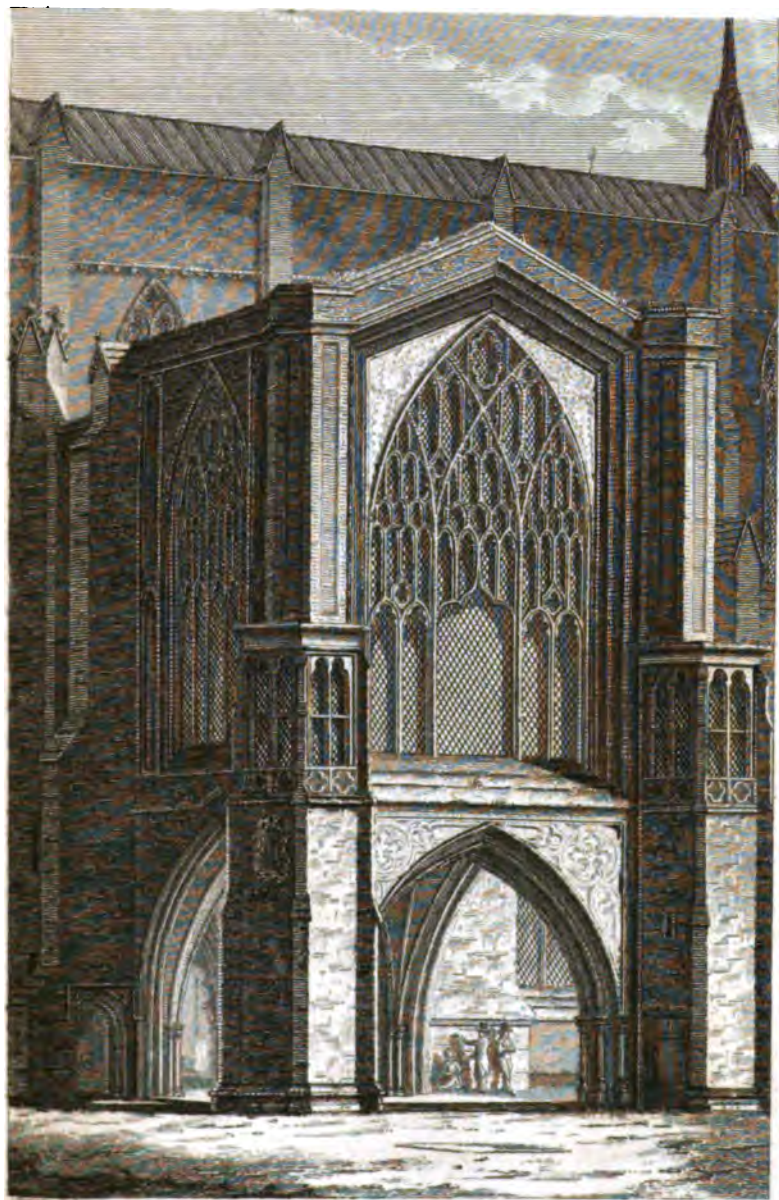
of vast size, the capitals of which are fluted. In the open centre of those is a third, of smaller dimensions, that has two arches, full of Saxon ornaments, included within the arch of the great pillars. A string separates them from the clerestory windows ; and those are similar to the first-mentioned, except that they are complete.

The altar, the window over it, and indeed every other part of the choir, have suffered too much derangement for description.

The exterior of the Cathedral need not be noticed, as it is familiar to the publick. The North porch, however, deserves and receives the approbation of the most fastidious critick. The Reader will judge of its transcendant merit from the annexed plate.

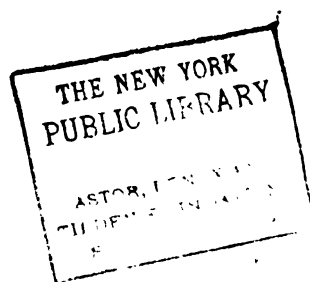
#### THRUXTON, KINGSTON.

The Wye glides gently, parallel with the South side of the Cathedral, but destitute of those fascinating borders which mark its course at some distance from Hereford. Wye bridge, of pointed arches and considerable antiquity, affords a passage for the traveller to Monmouth, and many other places ; but I deviated from the road, and soon reached the residence of the Rev. Thomas Vaughan, a valuable brother-in-law, whose father long held the united livings of Thruxton and Kingston. The former village contains nothing remarkable besides



NORTH PORCH OF HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

1842



the church ; which is a very perfect and neat building, in the pointed style, with a strong tower, and crosses of rich workmanship on the gables of the nave and chancel, The interior is dry, clean, and in good repair. On the East wall of the chancel is a mural monument, in statuary marble, to the memory of Richard Vaughan, M. A. vicar of Leominster, and rector of the united parishes ; his lady ; Richard Vaughan, M. D. ; their son ; and several others their issue. The North wall is adorned with a singular natural ornament, which waves in the gale, and shadows a window beneath : a hazle, that emerges from the interstices of two stones under the eaves, and in the most wonderful manner extracts sufficient moisture from the air to produce a stem several inches in diameter, and seven feet in height, at least twelve above the surface of the earth.

To the gentleman just mentioned I am indebted for the gratification experienced in my first impressions from the wild and sublime neighbourhood. He was my kind host, and enlightened companion, in all the excursions faintly sketched in many of the following pages. We walked to Kingston the day after my arrival ; and in the short distance of two miles every thing inviting in rural life arrested my attention, and excited admiration. Kingston is an inconsiderable village ; but the church, of three ailes, and Saxon architecture, composed of vast pillars with fluted and regal-head capitals, is far more interesting than that of Thruxton. My friend Vaughan, perceiving me deeply employed in obser-



vation, proceeded to the belfry; where, applying himself to the ropes of the tenor-bell, he rung such a peal as served to discompose the silence of the hamlet, and introduce a number of inquirers to the church-yard; who eagerly demanded why the summons was issued, and why a stranger so attentively made memoranda, where *they* had often paced unconscious that their memorials contained food for the mind.

A poet of Kingston observes, in an epitaph,

“ When God cuts off the thread of life,  
Then *Death alone* parts man and wife.”

What a satirist! though perhaps an innocent satirist, a bard who had never heard of *crim. con.* and separate maintenances; the consequences of passions not practised in his neighbourhood.

The salubrity of the air, and purity of the atmosphere, forced itself upon my notice at every breath I inhaled; but the following fact establishes, beyond dispute, the superior advantages enjoyed at Kingston. There are fifty grave-stones in the whole circuit of the cemetery; *twenty-two* of those record ages upward of seventy. They are 70, 71, 72, 73, 73, 75, 75, 78, 78, 78, 79, 80, 82, 84, 84, 85, 85, 87, 90, 91, 92, 96. The remainder, 28 in number, are not remarkable for premature deaths.

#### DORR.

The chilling winds of the North committed dreadful inroads on vegetation during the months

of March and April : but the genial showers of the South had gently swept over the hills in June; and fertilized the earth. The valleys were filled with perfumes, and the grass contended with the wild-flower in rapidity of growth; the forest-trees, extending their branches, formed canopies of new leaves, bright from the hands of Spring: the hedges closed again over the narrow road, and shaded its steep banks. As we passed on our way, Vaughan pointed to an aged man, who leaned against a gate, that at the same time supported his staff. On his legs were decayed worsted stockings; and his coat, of white cloth, was soiled and injured by long use. "Ah!" said my friend, "that is poor Williams. Often have I been entertained at that old man's house, when he was surrounded by plenty, and in the full enjoyment of his faculties. Now, poor fellow! he is distressed, in poverty, and a victim to the palsy." By this time we had reached him, and I observed a countenance, rugged with grief, shaded by long white locks. "How are you, my old friend?" said Vaughan, taking his hand. He would have declared how disease and affliction bore upon him; but, alas! speech was denied the unfortunate Williams. Nature, true to her trust, hurried ideas to the tongue, now useless. Palsy, cruel enemy! thy power is irresistible; but the eyes, more compassionate, shed tears over the wreck, and utterance rushed forth from those orbs, which speak the language of anguish in accents that cling to the soul. "Well, well, my good friend,"

said Vaughan, much moved, "do not be so unhappy; call at my house, I shall be very glad to see you." "Ah! ah! ah!" was all the reply permitted the venerable trunk, and a fresh flood of grief fell down his cheeks in rapid drops. We hurried on, fearful of administering food to his wretchedness.

The mind, unnerved by scenes like this, languishes and sickens; Nature fades; the soft azure of the air assumes a melancholy tint; the graceful waving of the branches, and the hollow sounds that escape from the wood, become full of presage; the birds chaunt mournful notes; and all the landscape is a scene of melancholy grandeur. Such are first impressions of this description on the feeling and reasoning mind, which involuntarily darts forward, and places its corporeal inclosure in the possible situation of poor Williams. Hope and Forgetfulness, faithful attendants on our faculties, however, soon obliterate the stronger emotions, soften down the rigours of the human state; and Religion heals the wound by confidence in ultimate happiness.

The history of Williams resembles that of a thousand others; therefore it is not worth repetition. The Eastern termination of the golden Vale spread before us ere we had dropt the subject. Neither the pen nor the pencil, guided by the most skilful author or artist, are competent to convey just ideas of the rich verdure and grand variety that open to the view from a brow a mile from Dore.

The circuit is an expanse of sublimity, tempered by the beauties of a fine park. In short, it is a landscape composed from the works of Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorain, infinitely improved. But the fore-ground of the picture is the labour of misery, and the fruit of the industry of the wretched peasant. "What are these huts," I exclaimed, "on each side of the road? Can it be possible that those cases of wood which emit smoke are chimneys? What must be the fire that moulders in them, and consumes them not?" "You will perceive presently," said Vaughan. I had now a more perfect view, and found that they were constructed with fragments of branches, stripped from thickets, interwoven something in the manner of baskets, and imperfectly filled or coated by sods and clay, which fell into dust when pulverized by the Sun, and shaken by the wind; and poured in a dark stream with the flood that animates Nature when the summer shower passes. Through the cracks might be observed broken stools, crazy tables, and straw mattresses. Each cell contained an aperture for a door; but a grenadier of the Guards, attempting to enter it erect, would almost overturn the habitation. They were situated in those wastes which sometimes border a wide road; little angles, generally sacred to the cottagers' sheep, ass, or cow. And a few feet, at either extremity of the hut, were planted with every vegetable fit for the use of man.

"These miserable people are rent and tax free?"

"At present; perhaps, they may not be so six

months hence." "How say you? Surely the ground belongs to the publick." "True, it does; but I have known a team drove against such huts, for the purpose of pulling them down, when the builder could not pay 40*s. per annum.*" Infamous avarice!

The river Doier, covered by foliage, which waves over its banks, glides near the village of Dore; composed of many comfortable houses, interspersed with orchards, and shaded by a hanging wood on the South. At the East end is the Abbey church. This venerable ruin bears the marks of violence rather than of age, though the walls have the character peculiar to remote workmanship. They are variegated with the tints of the saffron, green, and lead-coloured mosses; and covered by ivy on the North side, which clings to the interstices, and, winding over the arches, assumes their form, permitting but partial glances of the stone that composes them.

The encroaching Protestant, regardless of the prejudices of his ancestors, erected his barn close upon the ruin, and places his waggon on consecrated ground, reducing the wide inclosure of the Abbey to a narrow and dirty path, beneath the fragments of vaulted ailes, originally sacred to the votaries of seclusion.

An orchard shades the presbytery, and the South side receives the dead.

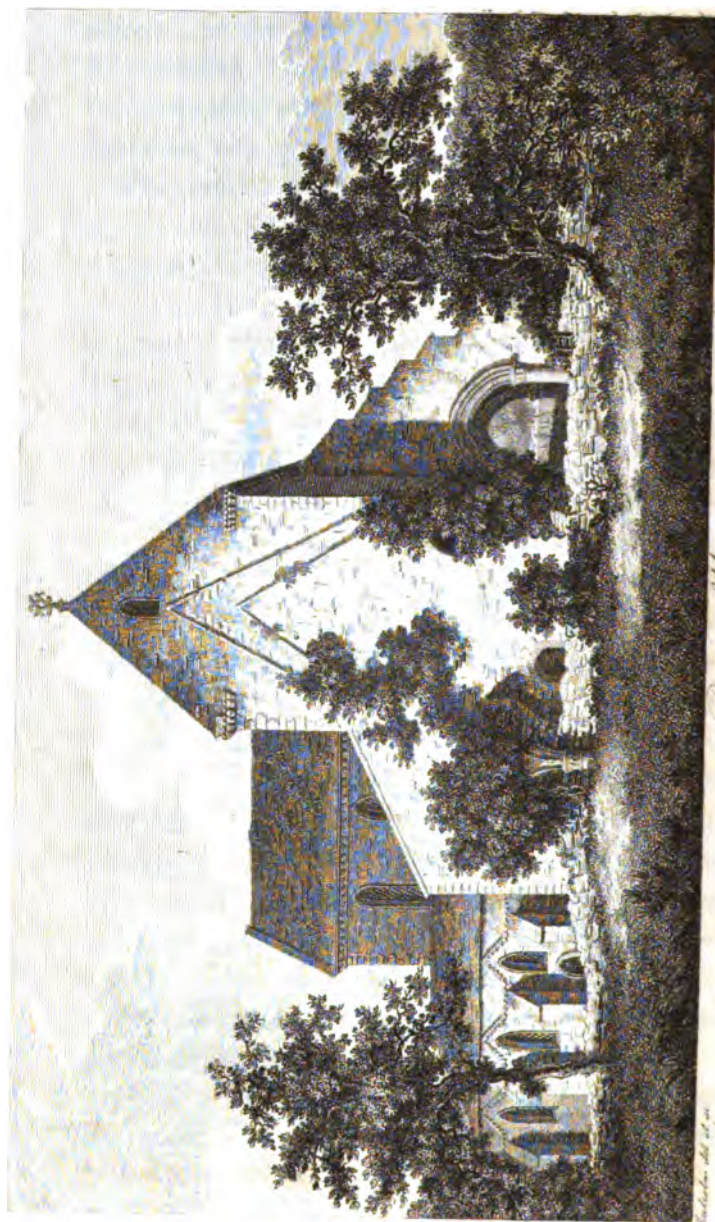
Close to the great Saxon pillars of the nave, where the monk often knelt in pious ejaculation, at this

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Illustrated by J. H. Stanger

Dove Priory

See Priory 1841 p. 10

moment kneels a lamb, whose little head searches in eager motion for the mother's milk.

Leland is incorrect in saying "Dowr vi miles from Hereford, flat, Sowth:" It is at least ten miles from that city. According to Camden, Dore Abbey was founded by Robert Earl of Ewias. The Rev. Matthew Gibson, rector of Dore, published an account of its antient and present state, in 1727. That gentleman says, Burton places the foundation in the time of Henry I.; Leland in that of Stephen; and Tanner in the reign of Henry II. Mr. Gibson adduces several proofs that the Monastery had its origin from the piety of Robert, in the reign of King Stephen.

The Abbey was erected by contributions, gathered on all sides, by the methods usual to the times, in offerings, oblations, and gifts procured by indulgences. Aqua Blanch, bishop of Hereford, granted twenty days pardon to contributors. Gibson supposes that the parish-church of Dore was suppressed and destroyed in consequence of the erection of the Abbey; and that the priest or rector was induced to profess within its walls, and to bring the parishioners there to hear mass, vespers, and the other religious offices. This church he conjectures to have been situated about a mile from the Monastery in the Golden Valley.

Walter de Scudamore, in the 14th year of King Stephen, gave Fulk's mead to the Abbot and Convent. King John, in the 17th of his reign, gave to the Monastery of St. Mary at Dore, and the Cister-



tian monks residing there, all his woods and plains between the river Dove and Trivelbrook. In addition to these possessions they had Hollingrange, Morehampton-grange, Newborough-grange, and New-grange, all situated within the county of Hereford. These were depositaries for their grain; for which they paid no tithes, by dispensation from the Pope.

Henry III. granted them a confirmation of their possessions, dated in the 17th year of his reign.

The *bona temporalia* of the Abbot of Dore *temp.* Edward I. was £.26. 14s. 9d. The Abbot and Convent possessed the patronage of St. Andrew's, at Lugwardine, near Hereford; with the chapels in Irchynfielde. These were the gift of Alan de Pokenet, lord of Kylpec 12 Edward II. The church of Wyketoft, in the county of Lincoln, was presented to them by John la Warre, lord Ewias, 4 Edward IV. And they had lands besides from Robert de Ferrariis earl of Derby, Geoffrey de Genevile, Walter de Clifford, and many others.

#### EMINENT MONKS AND ABBOTS.

Adam of Dore, one of the brethren, was celebrated as a philosopher, poet, and physician. Such was his reputation for piety and holiness of life, that the Convent elected him their Abbot. Adam wrote an answer to a book written by Silvester Girald; who had charged the Regulars with the crimes of

incontinency and avarice, intituled *Spectulum Ecclesie*; and successfully satirised Simon Ashe, canon of Hereford, Girald's advocate. Copies of Adam's book were to be found in most of the monastic libraries at the Dissolution. He lived in the reign of King John.

Caducan, a Welshman of great knowledge in divinity, who was elevated to the see of Bangor in 1215, admiring the piety and holy lives of the religious at Dore, and fascinated by the beautiful situation of the Abbey, resigned the splendour and emoluments of the prelacy, for the silence and solitude of the professed. Pope Gregory IX. granted his dispensation for this purpose in 1236; from which period Caducan passed his hours in prayer and meditation, till his decease, in the Monastery, where he was buried. The meek prelate wrote a work, which he called "A Mirror for Christians."

Richard Stradel, another native of Wales, professed in the Cistercian order, according to the Bernardine Reformation. After a long residence at Dore, the brethren were so thoroughly convinced of his superior qualifications, that they elected him their Abbot. Leland says he wrote Homilies on the Pater-noster, and upon the whole text of the Evangelists.

When Edward I. ascended the throne of England, Llewelin, son of Griffin Prince of Wales, was required to take the oath of allegiance, in common with the other nobility and prelates of the realm. The Abbots of Dore and Hageham in Lincolnshire, held the King's commission to receive it.

Edward III. in the 8th year of his reign, appointed Stratford, archbishop of Canterbury, the Abbot of Dore, and Sir William de Clynton, knight, ministers plenipotentiary to treat with Philip King of France, and settle all matters in dispute between them. And in the following year he was named in a second commission, with the bishop of Norwich and others, to prosecute the negotiation: on which occasion he was assigned £30. from the Exchequer.

#### INTERMENTS.

Robert of Ewias, the founder; his son Robert; William Graunson, and his wife Sibella; and Sir Richard Hompton, lord of Bakenton, were buried in the Abbey. Mr. Gibson mentions the effigies of Caducan, carved in heart-of-oak, as lying, when he wrote, in the South aisle, uninjured; but it has since been removed or destroyed: and Sir Roger de Clifford, whose effigies is supposed by Gibson to be one of those then remaining.

In addition to the above persons, the Alanes, lords of Alanesmoor and Kilpec; Sir Alane Ploket, lord of Kelpec castle; the Botears; and Bruntons, were buried in the Monastery.

There is a little effigies lying on a stone seat in the North aisle at present, which is the rude representation of a bishop, with an imperfect Saxon inscription, that Gibson supposed to be,

" Pontificis cor:  
Xpis Ic Johannis."

Or,

" The depositary of the heart of one of the Brutons."

---

Dore Abbey was suppressed under the first act passed in the 27th year of Henry VIII. Abbot John Radburn presided at that period; who succeeded Clebyri, mentioned by Leland in his Commentary as a learned antiquary. Radburn was allowed a pension of £.13; and several of the persons and servants employed about the Abbey had their corrodies and salaries continued; but the monks were cruelly dismissed, without the means of subsistence.

Speed gives the value of their possessions as £.118. 0s. 2d. *per annum*. Dugdale £.101. 5s. 2d.

The Office of First Fruits represents it as paying for their manœ, with that of the Lord Abbot, and lands of the same *per annum*, £.10. Rents of assize, and possessions in the town of Dore, and others in the county of Hereford, 40s.

The parish church having been, as already mentioned, incorporated with the Monastery, was suppressed with it; and thus became subject to the dilapidations to which abbeys were exclusively condemned. It is probable that the roof was covered with lead, the tempting material which hurried the fate of many a religious edifice, for that part of the Abbey has been utterly demolished. And I have

no doubt the vaults and groins were originally of stone, particularly over the choir; which seems to be confirmed by two large key-stones, richly painted, now remaining. The nave and West end of the church, a grand Saxon structure, was levelled, with the exception of four pillars and two arches; as were the chapter-house, the cloisters, and the houses of the abbot and brethren.

On the 31st of March, and in the 30th year of Henry VIII. the site of the Abbey, and the demesne lands, were granted to John Scudamore, of Homelacy, esq. Gibson says the first grant of the rectory and tithes of Dore was to Henry Courtney, earl of Devon; who was beheaded 30th Henry VIII. And, thus reverting again to the Crown, they passed from it, through several hands, as a lay fee. For instance, those of Lord Russel, *temp.* Edward VI.; the Earl of Lincoln, in the reign of Elizabeth; Christopher Gough, gent. and Richard Capper, esq. who sold them to the above John Scudamore; from whom they descended to John Lord Viscount Scudamore; with a reserved annual pension of 50s. to the Crown. This rent is supposed by Mr. Gibson to have been intended for the salary of the Curate of Dore, as the sums of 48s. and 50s. are recorded in the Book of Pensions and Annuities, as paid to John Phelyps, for serving the cure of Dore.

Fortunately for the neighbourhood and their successors, the Lord Viscount Scudamore was a man of benevolence and piety, and generous in the extreme.

Nor were they less indebted to Archbishop Laud, who removed many scruples entertained by his Lordship, respecting laymen retaining tithes. Seven pages of Mr. Gibson's valuable book are occupied by that Prelate's answers to the Viscount's queries; whose mind at ease, he proceeded to procure a license from the Crown for rebuilding the church of Dore, and endowing it with all the impropriated tithes of the parish. The expenditure of £.1000, restored the Abbey to the state in which we now find it, and enabled the officiating priest to celebrate the offices of religion under a roof that protects him from the blast and the shower, though not from the effects of unconquerable moisture; which oozes through the casements, penetrates the walls, and hangs in dews upon the venerable columns and arches, rendering the pavement a true representation of green velvet. "Narrow is the path, and *slippery* the way which leads to live everlasting," is literally verified in the Abbey church of Dore. But although the Curate shudders amidst the rheumatic exhalations, and his congregation are chilled to the heart, they are not quite so uncomfortably situated as the following quotation from Gibson, p. 36, represents their predecessors. One "who well remembers the rebuilding the church of Dore saith, Mr. John Gyles, otherwise then called Sir Gyles, curate here before the present church was rebuilt, read prayers under an arch of the old demolished church, to preserve his Prayer-book from wet in rainy weather." Lord Scudamore judiciously pre-

served the two strong pillars of the nave, and the walls above them, left by the dilapidators, as buttresses to the transepts. They are represented in the view. He erected a tower on the South side of the church, of very inconsiderable height ; but the architecture is suited to the antient building.

The Viscount chose March 22, 1634, the anniversary of his birth, when he entered his 34th year, for the re-consecration of the church ; which was performed by Theophilus Field, bishop of St. David's, by commission from Wren, bishop of Hereford. The altar dedicated on that day was the original stone, twelve feet in length, four in width, and three inches in depth, used for the same purpose previous to the Reformation. Some thoughtless persons had removed it from the church after the expulsion of the brethren, and converted it into a table for salting of meat, and making cheese. Others, who knew its sacred destination, rescued the stone, and preserved it till Lord Scudamore restored it to the holy situation whence the impiety of the Tyrant Henry had expelled it.

There is a tradition in the parish that Lord Scudamore gave a purse of gold, on the day of consecration, to purchase plate for the altar : a large flagon, chalice, and paten of silver.

Part of the Abbey buildings, called Lancashire Hall, from St. Thomas earl of Lancaster, was appropriated for a rectorial residence ; but this decaying, and the incumbents finding the situation unhealthy, Lord Scudamore obtained permission from Bishop

Croft to take it down, and erect a new one on a more elevated site. Which house was built in 1665, South of the church; and is a comfortable mansion, with three fragments of rude sculpture; from the Abbey or Abbot's house, inserted in as many gables of the front. He assigned the Abbey gardens and orchards, containing about five acres, for glebe land.

By an act, obtained 13 and 14 Charles II. intituled "An Act for the Endowment of several Churches by the Lord Viscount Scudamore," this rectory became subject to the payment of first-fruits, tenths, and procurations. Primitiæ £.8. tenths 16s. procurations 3s. 4d. procurations to the Archdeacon 1s. annual pension to the King £.2. 10s. It is situated in the deanry of Webley.

#### ARCHITECTURE OF THE ABBEY.

The choir contains two clusters of pillars on each side, and half-pillars in the angles near the altar, whose capitals are foliage, beautifully varied. Between those are handsome arches, with neat mouldings. Above them, next the altar, are high lancet-shaped windows, bounded by pillars, and included within large pointed arches, that sweep from the great pillars of the choir. The windows near the transepts are but half the length of the others.

Each great pillar of the sides supports oaken pillars that terminate in brackets. Semicircular timbers from those, enriched with cherubim and roses,



piers, on the faces of which are two small pillars. The capitals are full of variety, in the Saxon manner. Strong pointed arches cross the aisle from the larger pillars; and from each smaller pillar plain groins intersect the vault. In the two Western divisions are lancet windows and lockers.

The Presbytery, or aisle behind the altar, is composed by four isolated columns, and two semi-pillars, North and South; and twelve semi-pillars on the East wall and back of the altar. In the Western avenue of columns the slender pillars reach from the pavement to the capitals; but those in the Eastern are half-pillars, on decagon pedestals. Each isolated column contains eight pillars; those on the walls three only. The capitals are full of beauty and variety. The groins of the vaults are simple, and of graceful sweeps.

The tall and deep windows at the extremity of the avenues, and five others in the Eastern wall, admit that due and exact proportion of light which serves to render every object distinct, and yet cause a solemn obscurity, highly favourable to contemplation. Trees flourish close to the wall of the Presbytery, and their foliage waves over the glass, throwing their shadows, in fleeting succession, on the pillars and pavement, in many nameless forms. The feathered songsters perch on the branches, and erect their nests on the battlements and in the windows, paying the sweetest melody as a quit-rent to the silent dead who repose near them.

Under the second window from the East wall, on the North side, is a trefoiled seat.

The two Eastern divisions of the North aisle are like the South; but the third has a strong arch, and the groins commence on brackets. There are two windows and a door on this side.

A gigantic effigies, representing a crusader in chain armour, with the legs crossed, lies on the seat between the choir and South aisle. Another at the back of the altar, broken, and the head near it. A key-stone sculptured with, perhaps, the prior kneeling before the patroness, the Blessed Virgin; and a second, with the Saviour bestowing a benediction upon a kneeling female, in a coronet, accompany the latter effigies. And an empty stone coffin, with a key-stone, representing an enormous bust, are near the crusader.

## LANTHONY.

Mr. Vaughan and myself returned the same evening from this excursion, highly gratified; but the following day advanced without the usual brilliancy of the morning. The sun was not altogether invisible, but its rays were eclipsed by moisture, and a certain indication of rain appeared in black clouds, which floated from the South. I had never known these prognostics fail, and therefore proposed our excursion should be postponed till the arrival of a more propitious hour. My objections were however silenced by Mr. Vaughan, and an experienced farmer, who relied upon the height of the quicksil-

ver in the barometer, declaring it would not rain that day.

It so happened that both parties were right; violent rain fell on the summit and at the base of the Black Mountains, but not a drop at Thruxton.

We pursued the road to Dore; when, crossing the river, our path turned to the West; which is an unfrequented way, dangerous, and suited solely to the hardest horses, the strongest waggons, and the roughest of drivers; but our slender-legged animals hobbled over the loose rocks with infinite difficulty, and much hazard to our necks. The first hill we ascended had a quarry literally in the road; and the labourers were obliged to remove the stones ere we could pass. Besides this inconvenience, springs issue from the fissures of the rocks; and trickling down the ruts, shaded by trees, render them deep pools. Such was the ascent. The summit is a dreary common, partially sprinkled with vegetation; and the few trees scattered over the surface *seem* intended for land-marks. An inclination of this road to Long Town brought us in front of the Black Mountains, whose dusky and tremendous sides appeared doubly frowning, from the humid state of the air. We had not long contemplated their ravined lines when we entered an avenue composed by neglected hedges, interspersed with oaks and flourishing ash trees. There the nature of the soil and bare rocks announced our road would conduct us down the demi-mountain we had crossed; a road that admits but *one* vehicle at either extremity.

and positively denied the passage of each by the other within its boundaries ; the drivers of which dare not attempt the usual resource of backing their horses. Fortunately for the limbs and property of his Majesty's subjects, they rarely pass this *terra incognita*, and perhaps no two waggons ever met. Coaches, chaises, and gigs, *never* passed the mill at the bottom, I am very confident. Unfit as the way is for the purpose intended, it has numberless natural and exquisitely beautiful recommendations; and I must confess I never suffered inconvenience and danger with so much *real pleasure* as when we alighted and walked, leading our horses.

Let the reader enter upon the romantic scene with us, and imagine a declivity of half a mile equal to that of the justly-proportioned stair-case of a palace; but, instead of steps, let him view us slipping on mossy stones, the rudest gradations that man ever trod; our eyes turned, with eager watchfulness, towards our horses, whose tread, more erring, threatened constant falls, as they tottered, with their necks stretched to the full length of the bridles, at our heels. Let him now turn his attention to the sides of the lane, and observe piles of loose rocks thrust from their original places by the roots of the vast trees, that form a vault of foliage, where we glided *sub umbrâ*. When the free circulation of air is excluded, vegetation fades. Thus, the foliage of the branches that are suspended within the shadow of the great canopy of this lane are tinged with a bright yellow, and the sun-beams

play on them as they vibrate with the breeze. Nor are the glances now and then obtained, of noble trees nodding their honours over the precipice, less grand.

A stream, the name of which I cannot recollect, rushes at the bases of these inferior Alps. Close to the road, and inclosed by trees, is the mill mentioned before. Hence a second ascent commences; and the way is equally beautiful, but more difficult and wet. Another declivity, of the same description, forms a brow facing the Black Mountains; which, though of great altitude, becomes a mere artificial mount in comparison. The view from it is sublime, and enriched by the Monow, gliding in graceful windings, capriciously stealing from the sight behind the foliage, and as wantonly re-appearing at some distance. Numerous eminences, and their little valleys, break every line of the foreground, and lead the eye to the white houses of Long Town, grouped with the vast fragment of its castle, reduced to the circular citadel, elevated on a cone of earth, and cleft in twain. Nature, clad in her purest robes of vivid green, smiled round this Welsh boundary, and relieved the sight from the awful close of the landscape, commencing with the beautiful and rapid Monow; which flows, in perfect transparency, over large torn rocks, connected by high and aerial wooden bridges, suited for the passenger in dry weather, and horses when the floods from the mountains accumulate, and swell the stream to a torrent, which has rent large islands of earth from the banks, now held together by the

spreading roots of flourishing trees upon them. Extensive meadows bound the Monow, and approach the base of the Black Mountains. Beyond those are fields, rescued from sterility by the hardy antient Briton; who ploughs till his horses are almost perpendicularly elevated above him. Nor do those fields terminate till the spot is reached where gravity, eternally prevailing, would hurl the adventurer down the sides to his native dust. Hence to the summit, the Almighty hath given the soil, marked with mighty ruin, to the clinging and enduring plants, which brave or bend before the endless tempests that whirl around them: and those to the timid animals of the chace, who nibble and start to the rustling of the wind.

That the reader may understand the difficulty and danger of crossing this mountain, I shall describe the state of the atmosphere and the appearance of the side next Long Town, extending nearly from North-east to South-west.

A fierce gust of wind swept from the South, parallel with it, which seemed to rush over a branch of the mountain, inclining to the West, as if from a volcano of vapour, shredded in white fleecy fragments, that glided over the summits and the sides, vanishing in a falling mist, or ascending to increase the frowning gloom, suspended in collected majesty above the watery crater, arranging its volumes into dense masses, till attraction, or the impelling power, urged its departure. Then, advancing, the deep shades stalked along the mountain, and the wind

howled hoarse musick to the appalling march ; the sable hue of the ravines became black, the surface sable ; the torrent descended, and the mountain became obscured and lost till the shower ceased, which compelled us to retire to shelter, where, in gloomy questions and answers, we debated the propriety of deferring our tour. In the midst of this irresolution a gleam of light refreshed our hopes, and the sun invited us to the labours of the day. We mounted our horses, forded the swelled stream, and were soon at the base of the path, which we saw winding before us as a thread or clue rather than as a way fit for the tread of man.

“ What is to be done here ? It is impossible to ascend *this path* in the vortex of the cave of Æolus. We shall be blown down the precipice, and dashed to pieces. What is to be done with the horses ? We cannot possibly lead them. Nothing shall tempt me to ride. Suppose, when they are on the side, they should be frightened : we shall be dragged after them by the bridles.”

Many rash actions are undertaken through the dread of ridicule ; and I candidly confess that dread led me to contend with the elements half a mile above the level of the earth, on the side of an angle, when my reason strongly condemned the temerity of the exploit. We, however, commenced our toil, and nothing more remained than to preserve our footing, or fall many hundred feet down a precipice. I wore a great coat, which I found extremely troublesome and dangerous, as its violent motion

in the wind almost counterpoised my weight; and I was fearful the horses might be alarmed. But the latter apprehension proved groundless. Indeed, no two animals ever paced more safely and quietly on the best of roads, than did ours in the double ascent and descent. As we passed the last hedge, we perceived a woman in the path. Overjoyed at this circumstance, we hastened forward; and, with her as a guide, many dangers were probably avoided; for the rain had washed away the grass in some instances, and rendered the path undistinguishable. The wind on the middle of the mountain became very furious; but, as the current appeared to cling to it, we were rather secured by its pressure. The cottager, who proceeded with us to Lanthony, declared she never knew a horse led on this path before; and observed, the few who crossed the mountain were always provided with a stout staff, for a support when violent gusts of wind rendered it extremely probable they might be hurled headlong to the valley. The surface on which we trod was composed of alternate gullies and projections of rock. The rain, rushing down, rends the earth from them; and many were seven and ten feet perpendicular, on the lower side, with the upper inserted in the ascent. When necessity perched us on those pinnacles of danger, reflection stung me to the quick, and I thought myself little better than the wretch who commits suicide. The agitated air raged around me in hollow blasts, and often compelled me to seize upon a tuft of grass, or



a broken rock. When, holding by those, I ventured to glance my eyes on the vast view below, whence Nature groaned in a continued sound, loud as the billows in the most furious tempest amidst the wilds of the ocean; the trees bowed before the storm; and bright gleams from the sun lighted intervals of the landscape, with wonderful effect and beauty; the whole sublime variety of Herefordshire, composed of woods, precipices, and fertile valleys, appeared before us, closed by remote hills, buried in vapour.

The instant we ceased to ascend, the descent commenced. Indeed, the mountain is an absolute wedge. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the dreary scene we then beheld. The swell of the side prevented a sight of the valleys; consequently, the barren summits of the Monmouthshire Alps, clothed in mist, alone met our view. Rugged and sterile as they are, we seemed to have arrived at the termination of vegetation.

The operation of descending was far less terrific than that of ascending; but it is certainly equally dangerous. Rains are almost daily beating against these mountains; but, happily, the violent winds which accompany them, dry the surface as rapidly as it wets; otherwise the path would be impassable. When we crossed the ridge, the storm poured full in our faces. Thus situated, we dared not stand to contemplate the immense amphitheatre that gradually expanded before us. Proceeding, the track winds close to a stone wall, which renders the way

apparently more secure; though we often left it, and were perched upon rocks, and tufts of earth, not two feet in width. After having been wetted by a heavy shower, or rather having passed through a cloud, we reached a more pleasant yet still uneven path, perfectly secure, and amidst some traces of cultivation. Hence we first saw the Abbey of Lanthony, and the sublime vale of Ewias. The walls and tower, compared with their grand inclosure, shrunk from this spot, but half the height of the mountain, into a cottage, with a disproportioned chimney, the cottages into white specks, and the trees to shrubs. The ruins of two houses farther down, are useful mementos of presumption punished. Nature has decreed that man shall not proceed beyond certain limits on these boundaries of Wales.

The valley extends due West from the Abbey for some distance; but the summits of the mountains were buried in a black mist, which blended them and the clouds above. When the wind dispersed the vapour sufficiently for a rapid glance, I could perceive that the founder of Lanthony had chosen a tolerably level plain of earth for the site of the buildings, about equi-distant from the precipices on the North and South, and some hundreds of paces from the river Honddy, at the base of the latter; the banks of which, torn by vast floods of water, seem to indicate that the church, and houses still nearer to its side, are not always clear from its inroads. The trees in the Vale of Ewias are sin-

gularly beautiful, and are generally flourishing; but the winds that continually rage within it have given them an inclination that shew them to resemble those studied by Salvator Rosa, and scattered through the wild scenes his pencil has so justly delineated. The grass and plants of the vale are vivid and vigorous; and climb, interspersed with bushes, to a great height on the mountains. Their roots firmly bind the earth together in many places; but the torrent has frequently undermined them; and half-falling beautiful branches move in the gale above and beyond the deep shades of the ravine. Numbers of rocks project from the side, and give a most fascinating perspective at each extremity of the Abbey.

The church is antient, and rather resembles a long room, with a chimney at the West end, than a place of worship. And I saw the venerable village tutoress, with "spectacles on nose," habited in a patched red cloak, and black silk hat, seated near the altar, teaching several blooming girls.

The legend of the foundation of the Abbey of St. John Baptist at Lanthony, whether fact or otherwise, is entertaining; but, as it retires into the dark abyss of time, it will not be safe to explore too far, lest we become involved in the same obscurity which surrounds similar acts of piety. *Saint David*, the tutelar saint of Wales, and uncle of King Arthur, is said to have erected an hermitage in the Vale of Ewias; where he resided, and practised every act of devotion, till death removed him

to Heaven, in which he is now canonized. That "No man is a prophet in his *own* country," is an adage established by the wisdom of ages; and we find it verified even in the age of St. David; whose holy hermitage appears to have been suffered by his countrymen to fall into ruin and neglect; from which it was rescued, either by a miracle or an accident, in the following manner.

The country near Ewias abounded with deer, which were hunted by the neighbouring chiefs. Hugh de Laci, a Norman baron, engaged in this arduous exercise, with his train, at some period in the reign of William Rufus, when a fleet animal entered the vale, followed by a knight named William; whose companions, less eager, left him in the pursuit. Fatigued and exhausted, William extended his limbs on the grass, and soon closed his eyes in a deep sleep; from which he awaked refreshed and vigorous. The knight happened to be an ardent admirer of the wonders of creation, and immediately felt the sublime "first impressions" produced by the stupendous circle of which himself was the solitary centre. They were indelible, and converted him into a religious enthusiast. He determined to adopt the manners, and imitate the deprivations and devotion of a recluse. St. David's cell offered him an asylum; which he repaired, and commenced anchorite. Whether our hermit felt an attachment to the military life, or whether he repented his acts as a soldier, does not appear. It is, however, certain, that he retained his armour;

and wore it night and day, either as a trophy of past deeds, or as penance for them. But time and rust, enemies to every coat of mail, kindly and gradually released him from the weight of this voluntary burthen. Sanctity, like the rich perfume, spreads through the air; and, penetrating the apertures of the brain, produces a sweet intoxication. Thus, particles of holiness floated from William; and meeting a proper receptacle in the pericranium of Ernesi, chaplain to the Queen of Henry I. the same effects ensued. He therefore determined to join the hermit. Which having effected, they erected a small chapel, afterwards dedicated by them to St. John Baptist; and consecrated by Urban, bishop of the diocese, in 1108. Ernesi, more ambitious or more pious than William, subsequently prevailed on Hugh Laci, earl of Hereford, to found a priory of canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, of which he was appointed prior. But the two brethren appear to have been determined on inflexible poverty, as they resisted every attempt to prevail on them to receive presents. Indeed, their abhorrence of superfluities was demonstrated by prayers against riches.

Queen Maud, a sagacious lady, had observed how extremely close gold adhered to the hearts of many of her husband's subjects; and, judging thence a purse applied near that of William might have a good effect, she watched a favourable opportunity, and thrust one well filled between the rusty armour and left breast of the obdurate anchorite. The

influence of the new guest was irresistible, and from that moment presents were admitted. The priory of St. John is supposed in consequence to have been finished within a short period.

The animosity and hostilities of the partizans of Maud and Stephen were extremely injurious to the Prior and Convent; and the vassals of the chiefs pillaged them without scruple. A Welshman and his family fled to Lanthony for sanctuary; and, being admitted, the monastery was invested, and regularly besieged, to the total interruption of the offices of religion, and the famishing of the prior and canons; who were compelled by this event to intreat the intervention of Betun, bishop of Hereford; when that prelate procured them a new site, at Hyde, near Gloucester; where they erected a superb priory, to which they removed themselves and every valuable; leaving Lanthony almost destitute of the means necessary for the performance of mass by the miserable and aged monks condemned to solitude by their powerful brethren; who long continued to send there those considered useless and troublesome. At the suppression the revenues were valued at £.71. 3s. 2d. *per annum*. It is now the property of Colonel Wood of Piercefield. I should do this gentleman, though an utter stranger, the height of injustice, were I not to notice his endeavours to restore the Abbey, as far as practicable. It cannot be supposed for an instant that any person is Quixote enough to wish the proprietor to rebuild a monastery merely for the gratification of

an admirer of antient structures, or even for a parish-church, when one is already possessed by the inhabitants of the district. Under these circumstances I feel myself grateful to him, as an enthusiast for antiquity, when I recollect that I saw a mason employed in replacing the very stones, in their pristine order, which had fallen from the arch of the great Western door; and that he informed me his orders from the Colonel were, to proceed in the same manner whenever he could discover the relative parts in the rubbish, and to use new materials in no other instances than when it was impracticable to find them. If after this the proprietor converted the towers into windmills, dwelling-houses, or granaries, his preserving them will render him blameless in my opinion.

The whole pile has been horridly dilapidated; and those parts which remain nod in dangerous concert. The West front had two towers, with two pointed niches in each at the base; the mouldings of which are particularly large and strong. A string separates those from a window with a semi-circular arch. A second string occurs: and then two tall pointed arcades, divided and bounded by pillars. On the South tower is the base of another window. On the inner sides of each tower are two ranges of arcades of mouldings without pillars. The great Western window had three pillars in the depth; but the arch was entirely destroyed when I saw it. The door just completely restored is eleven mouldings in depth; the outward rising from the

pillars of two niches. On the South side of the West front are the remains of a building with a circular arch and a trefoil door.

Seven piers of the nave are perfect; the arches between which have no other ornaments than plain mouldings in their depths: but the Western arches contain clustered pillars, and the mouldings appear as if cut off, and rest on conic brackets. On the first piers from the window are clustered pillars, with Saxon capitals. Above the piers, alternately, are short pillars with slender pointed mouldings, inclosing circular-arched clerestory windows; and each had galleries beneath them of pointed arches. A roof was then erecting on the South-west tower, and three chimney-places were completed. How the former has affected the antient contour I am unable to say.

The ailes of the nave are narrow; and but two arches remain, though part of the North wall is still standing. Two strong pilasters or abutments secure the sides beneath the towers, with pointed arches and fluted capitals. The groins arise from brackets next the middle aile, and from pillars next the windows, which have circular arches. A fine tree flourishes on the North wall, and another on the broken arch of the aile, full 12 feet from the earth.

The great tower is supported by four large piers, and very strong pointed arches, on capitals like those of the Tuscan order; above which are brackets of clustered pillars, resting on foliage. On the summit, broken by violence and injured by the



weather, are numbers of bushes, and quantities of ivy, and the North side is shaded by what appears from the base to be a yew. The foliage thus surrounding the walls gives them a most beautiful effect. The passages through the piers, across the windows, are visible; but the stones of the arches are so much deranged, that an immediate fall seems inevitable. Large chasms intersect the tower in every direction; and some tremendous gust of wind, rushing through the valley, will, ere many years elapse, mix its venerable fragments with those now lying in heaps on the pavements of the ailes, in rough stones, capitals, and mouldings. The East and South sides are already down; but the West and North arches are in perfect preservation, and part of the walls.

I recollect to have observed one arch reduced to a mere skeleton (I think in the choir); which, having remained when every stone but those supporting it had fallen, is a strong argument in favour of semicircles in buildings. The South transept has two lancet-shaped windows, with circular arches; above them another. The East wall contains a very large circular arch; and a door, half buried by the ruins from the walls. The North transept is almost destroyed.

The chancel, choir, or chapel of our Lady, is distinguishable only in fragments of clustered pillars, and parts of windows. A large ash faces the high altar, whose roots must penetrate the ashes of the dead interred before it when the Abbey flourished.

At the South end of the South transept are two perfect arches ; with delicate groins, and beautiful key-stones of fret-work, which probably were part of the cloisters : and two walls, possibly of the chapter-house, are shaded and covered by the ash-tree and ivy, and the area with nettles.

The situation of Lanthony Abbey is admirably calculated to inspire and maintain enthusiasm. When the evening sun had consigned its towers to the advancing shades, and a few white clouds were suspended in the deep blue of the air, a contemplative stranger 'previous to the suppression must have been enchanted by the objects on every side of the Priory. The river and its steep banks, adorned with a variety of graceful branches, gliding in a transparent stream beneath them ; the little church, surrounded by cottages, with the inhabitants seated at their doors, almost united with the cloisters of the Priory ; the mansions of the prior and brethren on the South side of the church ; and the church with the three towers ; in the centre of a grand amphitheatre of mountains, the rocks and summits of which were tinged with golden sun-beams, that lighted the sides of the goat, who in native beauty and spirit skipped from the crag to the turf\*, and shewed the horse a mere mouse, in perspective, snuffing the air on the very ridge of the

\* Three of these extremely beautiful animals bounded towards us when we were returning over the mountain, and attentively examined us. I was sorry to observe that one had a broken leg.

tremendous heights, where men dare not follow him \*.

To this sublime scene may be added accompaniments, once familiar, though now for ever passed away. Monks, of superior piety probably, had favourite retreats for meditation and prayer. Perhaps, where some rock projected, shaded by foliage, a cross may have marked their sites; and those repeated at intervals on the mountain's sides. When the vesper-bell tolled, Echo vibrated the sound throughout every recess, and the monks might be seen gliding towards the church: whence, in a few minutes, their voices issued in deep base, and blended with the even-song of the feathered choir.

Infinitely grand, awful, and horrific, were and are the convulsions of Nature in the vale of Ewias. Let us examine their effects previous to the destruction of the Priory.

The sun shone, the air was calm, and the electric fluid concentrated in vast bodies above the mountains. As evening approached, vapours spread beneath the orb of day, and gradually obscured its splendour as they condensed. The observer might perceive that those vapours frequently descended and floated on the mountains; and, rising again, mixed with the mass, momentarily assuming a darker hue. At length, the summits are hid, and, the agitation increasing, many capricious forms, appear hovering on the sides, burying the monas-

\* A fact.

tery and the village in darkness and awful silence. The monk faints with languor and heat within his habit, and is seen, with the cowl thrown back, and moving lips, in mental ejaculation. At length, the hour for vespers is announced from the tower; the brethren advance to the choir, the village mother collects her offspring, and the father proceeds through the vale, anxiously assembling his various animals; which he hurries to their stables and hovels, where he immediately secures them from the impending storm; himself the last in care. See the wild scene deserted, the lightning prepared to burst from its restraint, the winds ready to rage, the torrent to descend; yet a dead calm. In an instant the ear is saluted by a distant sound, that chills the hearer with unutterable dread; a hoarse murmur, accompanied by a shrill swell, dies upon the organ of hearing; then, increasing, he sees the effects approach him in the bowing trees, which are twirled spirally to their roots, and their branches almost sweep the earth. He withdraws, and a flood of water beats upon the roof and windows.

Let us now enter the choir of the Priory. There the tapers burn, and the monks chaunt with three-fold earnestness and devotion; the musick of the service in soft notes caught the ear; but the beating of the rain, and the wind howling along the ailes, and rending the leaves before the windows, interrupted the sounds from the lips of the priest when he repeated the prayers.

The finest strains preceded the elevation of the

host. The priest ascended the steps to the altar; the monks knelt with their heads bowed on their breasts; he turned to the congregation; incense arose; the silver bell sounded—a blue gleam of intolerable brilliancy illuminated the darkest recesses of the church; the diamonds and crystal around the host sparkled with elemental fire; the Saints in the windows beamed with prismatic lustre; the tapers seemed extinguished. Then sable Night, with the horrors of a storm, re-assumed her sway; and the tapers appear, from comparison, to the blinded organs of vision, but mere sparks. In an instant, thunder, with the mouths of a thousand cannon, speaks horror to the heart, and man trembles at empty sounds reverberated from mountain to mountain, shaking their very foundations. The effects of such remote convulsions are now distinctly visible; nor are the outlines of my *imaginary* storm in the least distorted \*.

\* Evans's valuable *Letters from South Wales*, 8vo, 1804, furnish the particulars of a real storm, which I shall introduce in his own words. "The mountains from Cregnaullin form a magnificent amphitheatre, with but one apparent entrance, which is Nant Teifi. In this we had to experience a most tremendous, and truly awful and sublime phenomenon, a *thunder-storm amidst the mountains*. To those unacquainted with Alpine countries, imagination will be able to form but very faint ideas of the horror excited by thunder and lightning in these wild and mountainous places. It was near the autumnal equinox, when tempestuous weather is most frequent; the thunder rolls with a loud and awful rumbling over your head, and passing along the sides of the hills, is reverberated through the vales with redou-

A real one met us on our return in the evening when we crossed the ridge, when the wind was so exceedingly violent that there seemed every probability that ourselves and horses must be actually blown off the path; but, fortunately, we preserved our footing, and have lived to declare that no object, however interesting, shall again lead us into similar dangers.

## THE SKYRRID

is a singular land-mark in every direction for many miles. This circumstance, and the great fissure in its side, made me very desirous to examine it attentively. Mr. Vaughan obliged me with his company, and we proceeded to the mountain, through a most fascinating part of Monmouthshire, highly cultivated, and scattered with the castles of the boundaries, both in England and Wales.

At some distance from the base we were met by a clean well-clothed youth, with a countenance highly expressive of grief. "May be you wool tell ma about this here paper. I've been to get it at Lanthony this morning, but the man did na tell ma about un. Pray ye tell ma how ould I be." He

bled noise in almost endless repercussion; while the blue forked lightning, flashing in every direction through the passes of the mountains, induces you to imagine that you are surrounded with fire; the contending clouds pour torrents of rain, which, running like rivers down the cwms, form floods under your feet as you pass the vales beneath." P. 347.

then reached a slip of paper to us; which we found to be a certificate of his baptism. This he had obtained at the expence of many a weary step, in hopes it would prove him to be too young for drafting into the militia, army of reserve, or *levy en masse*. This hope was fallacious: the fatal inscription told the dreaded truth, that the Christian Church admitted him in the year 1785. Never did features bear stronger marks of wretchedness. — “Then *this* is of no use at all — but I am obliged to ye.”

We inquired of an aged man in what part of the road we were to turn towards the mountain. He very civilly explained, but beckoned Mr. Vaughan aside. On that gentleman's return he informed me, the Welshman had demanded whether I was not a Roman. “A Roman! What can he mean by the question?” “Recollect,” said Mr. Vaughan, “the true antient Briton possesses an independent spirit, which prevents him from admitting his country ever to have been conquered by that people; he knows the English very partially; and therefore conceives them a degenerate race, contaminated by intercourse with their conquerors. It is his method of asking if you were an Englishman.”

The ascent to the Skyrriid on the South-west side is far from difficult; at least to the gulph which separates the fallen cone. The sea of mountains viewed from this gulph were set in motion by Nature's Architect, in the grand and sublime storm of elements which raised the hill and sunk the vale.

They almost appear as if they had been originally a mass of liquid matter, subsequently congealed in a thousand shapes, wild, bleak, and barren, till the torrents pouring from the rocks of moisture, piled above the rocks of stone, fertilized the valleys. Those, rushing down age after age, form eternal ravines. Crag overhangs crags, the precipice precipices, connected by stratas of earth, covered with goss heath, wild thyme, and short grass. Such are the surfaces the cultivator approaches, as he winds along the base, dividing it by numerous green lines, suffering woods to intervene, with meadows and corn-fields.

What avails it to say, here is situated a castle, there a village, or there a manor-house appendant to the church? What is the habitation of man, viewed from the Skyrrid? A *card* house. What the trees? But diminutive shrubs.

Now turn we to the pedestal on which we stand. Shakspeare's lines,

“ By Heav'n's methinks it were an easy leap”————

occurred forcibly to my recollection, and I felt as if it were possible to spring at one bound to the exquisite picture in miniature at my feet.

The Skyrrid is unquestionably an exhausted volcano, with its crater fallen in. To look upward from the gulph Westward is tremendous: a perpendicular cliff, at least 6 or 800 feet in height, appals the eye, the front of which is one frightful ruin, hanging suspended in the air, and formed by enor-



mous loose stones, piled in the rudest resemblance of order. Horrible beyond conception was the crash that ensued when this rent occurred, which hurled the huge blocks to their present situation in the centre, where they lie in the utmost confusion. The lesser portion of the mountain to the East has not the least appearance of having ever joined the greater. Indeed, the vast difference in the altitude of the rocks renders it impossible. The difference is as one to twenty. The former side, a perpendicular crag, covered by projecting branches, stripped of their foliage by the wind, which rushes with inconceivable fury through the chasm, is interspersed with the rugged stumps of oaks. But such are the persevering efforts of vegetation, that new scions are continually arising from the trunk, that in their turn become trees. Hence to the bottom of the gulph is a slope of earth, scattered with fragments of stone. Since the date of the mighty ruin, numberless masses have fallen. Those are of various sizes: some many feet in breadth; others broken into great sheets, of not more than an inch in thickness; but all are partially vitrified, affording positive proofs of volcanic fusion. One indeed has had liquid lava poured down the side, where it now hangs in drops: others have hollows that resemble cavities of confined air. Independent of these, blocks rolled far down the mountain, where they are partly buried in the earth. One of those contained pebbles in the surface.

The sheep that frequent this solitary and tremen-

dous precipice dance upon the crags, which bring toys of desperation to the human brain; and the mother submits to be butted, and driven by her young not two spans from the gulph, yawning destruction below them. But Nature, ever mindful of the safety of her creatures, gives even this simple animal, in those instances, instinct superior to reason. In vain did I look for a winding descent, on which my feet might rest with safety. The eye was bewildered, and the imagination confused, till the sheep before me fled. Then I perceived their spiral track, their little road down which they bounded, throwing their legs around in many a wanton gambol, where to have misplaced one step would have ended my walks for ever. I found the wind so furious and irresistible on this enormous cone that I was sensibly hurried forward in ascending; and such was the danger of standing on the narrow ridge that I dared not venture quite to it, for fear of being blown down the opposite side. The circulation of air is so rapid, that it actually whistles in the grass.

Mr. Coxe, in his description of the Skyrrið, declares his feelings to have been as powerful when on it as those he experienced on the Alps of Switzerland, in which there are similar chasms. He supposes them to have been occasioned by subterraneous waters undermining one side of the mountain; but this solution appears to me improbable in relation to the Skyrrið, as there are no marks of excavation near it. The body of water

capable of causing so enormous a ruin must have been very considerable; consequently, when the earth and rocks had fallen into its course, the accumulation would find its way in some manner visible in the vicinity; but there are no traces of the torrent peculiar to such circumstances, nor are the lines round the base of the cone different from those of any other mountain. I therefore still adhere to the opinion already mentioned, and even think that the popular tradition of the natives is to be preferred, which ascribes the rent to the earthquake occurring when the second person of the Holy Trinity suffered crucifixion. Whence they term it The Holy Mountain.

#### KILPEC.

Part of our walk to this interesting place was through a thick coppice, composed of a great variety of flourishing trees, the branches of which form numbers of arched avenues, roads, and paths. As the castle is situated on an eminence perfectly detached, it might almost be supposed an artificial cone; but a slight examination of the sides, where the trees have not woven their branches into an impenetrable veil, convince the observer, that Nature alone could pile the rocks he will perceive in them. The base, surrounded by a very deep moat, is buried in bushes and nettles, and still difficult to pass. The remains of the castle are reduced to two fragments. That on the West side of the area

is nearly semicircular, at the South end of which is the half of a circular aperture, or well, that contracts at the summit: possibly part of a staircase; where the stones composing it are so perfectly preserved that the mason's operations on them are visible; and the cement is of incredible solidity. The earth within it is clogged by the roots of nettles and wild raspberries, and the external wall next the moat is festooned with ivy.

That on the North slopes outward, and the wall is full five feet six inches thick. A circular aperture in the depth may have been the flue of a chimney. Ivy, the alder, sweet-briers, and nettles, almost inclose the fragment. The area, about 80 feet in diameter, was planted with potatoes.

The elevation is very considerable, and commands a vast extent of country. About four miles Eastward rises Aconbury-hill, clothed with foliage. the site of an antient camp; on the North a beautiful varied surface, closed by the Radnorshire mountains, veiled by distance; Kriseley wood descends in front to the meadows of St. Devereux, where the diminutive church is a pleasing object; and fields of grain are continued thence to an abrupt elevation, beyond which the eye leaps to the Black Mountains and the Skyrrid in Monmouthshire; directly South is Kenchurch, and the barren hill tufted by furze; the Saddle-bow, another great eminence, concludes the panorama, in which the very distant fields and woods have the appearance of the delicate miniatures of landscape produced by a reversed telescope.

## THE CHURCH OF KILPEC

is one of the most singular and perfect of the Saxon style; and, in truth, a little cabinet of antient sculpture, very perfect, but very vilely white-washed within. The architect has divided it into a nave, choir, and chancel, by two arches. The first, most fantastically decorated with pillars on the sides, covered by reliefs. Those on the North have three rhyatide figures, *who stand on each other's heads*; the upper, in a mantle and cap, bears a book and a four-leaved flower; the next a book and cross; the third a book and branch of palm. These are repeated on the South pillar, which has an interlaced capital. The arch with a double moulding is sculptured into lozenges and zigzags. The second arch is plain. The chancel, three sides of a hexagon, has double slender pillars on the angles, from which ribs of lozenges and semi-lozenges ascend to a groupe of hideous masks in the vault. The three arches, from the masks to the walls above the windows, are pointed; but those of the windows are semicircles of double zigzags from small pillars. The windows are similar to loop-holes, contracting in the depth of the wall, which is of very great thickness.

The South door is an excellent specimen of the richest taste of the times; but an examination of the ornaments leads me to suppose the architect

had, previous to his sketch of it, recently read *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, and distracted his imagination with the terrors of Medusa and the Gorgons. In short, it is the portal of a temple to the Furies, and quite improper for the gates of a Christian church. What should we have said of Mr. — if he had introduced such a door at S—— H——, &c. &c.

The pillars are encircled *by snakes*, twisted and knotted round a vine held by a mask. One has armed knights above each other; and the capitals are threatening animals. The arch is richly adorned.

A grand window in the West end of the church is bounded by two pillars, with capitals of masks holding embroidered sashes in the mouths. The shafts are covered by embroidered plaited ribands, and the moulding of the arch is the exact representation of the side of a wicker-basket. A string beneath is supported by twelve heads, some human, in chain armour, and others creations of the artist's imagination.

There are three windows on the North side, one of which is lancet-shaped, with a circular arch, the others have trefoil arches. The brackets or dentils under the roof are repetitions of the following odd representations: laced work, a head in chain armour, a stag, a hawk, a horse's head, two fishes, a satyr's head, a true-lover's knot, and a head with another in the mouth.

Those on the chancel are, *monkeys kissing*, another performing on the violin, rams' and other heads.

The bracket over the East window is the *Agnus Dei*, the badge of the Knights Templars.

The Kilpecs were a Norman family. Hugh, son of William, gave this church, dedicated to Saint David, in 1124, to the Abbey of Saint Peter at Gloucester. But when that or the castle was erected I cannot pretend to decide. Dugdale says, the successor of Hugh assumed the name of Kilpec from the domain and castle.

#### THE DYING PEASANT.

The next day, sacred in the Christian world to religion and rest, I went with Mr. Vaughan to Vow and Turmaston churches; where he celebrated the morning service, in succession. The air was perfectly calm, and very sultry; but the exhalations were exquisitely perfumed by myriads of blossoms. The heavy canopy of clouds had large mountainous rolls of moisture pendent beneath, that threatened copious discharges of rain; and we perceived, as we advanced towards the Monmouthshire Alps, the beautiful operations of the floating vapour surrounding their summits; in some places descending in floods, in others collecting. Our road was a continued ascent, barely wide enough for one carriage, and of that commodious description which would effectually prevent overturning; interwoven branches springing from roots still more entangled fall in graceful curtains over this rural way, shading the passenger from the vertical sun of June. The view

from the hill is extremely rich, and composed by the objects before described, something varied in their relative positions. A second, from the Western side, is less extensive, but equally deserving of admiration: green eminences, abrupt hills, distant mountains, groupes of large oaks bordering upon the brightest verdure, coppices, cottages intermixed with farm-houses scattered between them, broken banks of crumbling red rocks, and many meadows inclosing the village of Vow-church; such are the attractions of the Golden Vale fertilized by the Doier.

A few of the houses in the two villages are convenient; but the remainder, when deprived of their summer decorations, must be uncomfortable and wretched. Turmaston and Vow are both parish churches, and singularly situated, within a thousand feet of each other. The former consists of a nave and chancel, separated by an oak skreen, pierced into rude quatrefoils, and still ruder arches; and over them is the skeleton of a rood-loft, painted with the artless simplicity of a village *dauber* \*, many years past, in forms for which I find no terms in my vocabulary of outlines. This, a good timber roof, clumsily carved, and the king's arms, attended by painted pannels of sentences from the Old and New Testaments, are all the attractions of Turmaston. Vow-church is a respectable but plain building, in the pointed style.

\* The antient term for painter.



In each of these churches I heard our sublime Liturgy repeated with impressive earnestness. In the former to a congregation of seven persons, including the clerk and myself; in the latter to a very considerable and attentive audience, who were exhorted in an excellent sermon, delivered in a tone and manner suited to the solidity of the arguments.

Previous to the commencement of the latter service, the clerk of Turmaston observed to Mr. Vaughan that he had prepared the elements, and requested he would administer the sacrament of the Holy Communion to a cottager at the point of death. A mist had begun to fall, accompanied by glimpses of light nearly approaching clear sunshine: a deceptive appearance, that induced the birds to sing with renewed spirit; whose cheerful notes were the only sounds which interrupted the dead repose of Nature.

As the dying man's bed-side is a scene for his relatives only, I chose to wait under the shelter of the church porch for my friend's return. The sexton in answer to my inquiries, said, that "John Mathews was a little koind of puublican, as sold yeale and cyder;" and was an industrious well-disposed man; that he had a wife equally industrious, who was the mother of two children, one a year and a half, the other but three weeks of age. A fever seized Mathews, and a delirium followed. He now lay exhausted, quiet, and sensible.

"The Lord set un up agen," said a passing

neighbour: "I am sure it will be main hard upon as poor woife if a dies, with two young children to maintain."

Sterne would have done justice in expressing my feelings, had he experienced such. It was a pathetic picture, and should be given with the touches of a master. The foreground, the porch of an antient church, the brilliant light of noon darting through moisture, the sparkling rain-drop hanging in tremulous increase upon the shining leaf, the village, and Mathews' cottage bounding the church-yard where the grave waited for him. Animated Nature had her groupes, of superior interest — the sexton, the villager, and myself, in converse, to the accompaniments of the feathered race; and when the two former departed, the solemn accents of the priest, raised in pious earnestness, reached my ear, dying away with the modulations of just emphasis. Then the silence of the moment had no other interruption than the shrill sound of the fly's wings, as he entered the porch and darted out again. The last breath of Mathews was employed in the responses of the Sacrament; he expired before sun-rise the next morning, and ere the next Sunday had arrived, Mr. Vaughan consigned him to the earth.

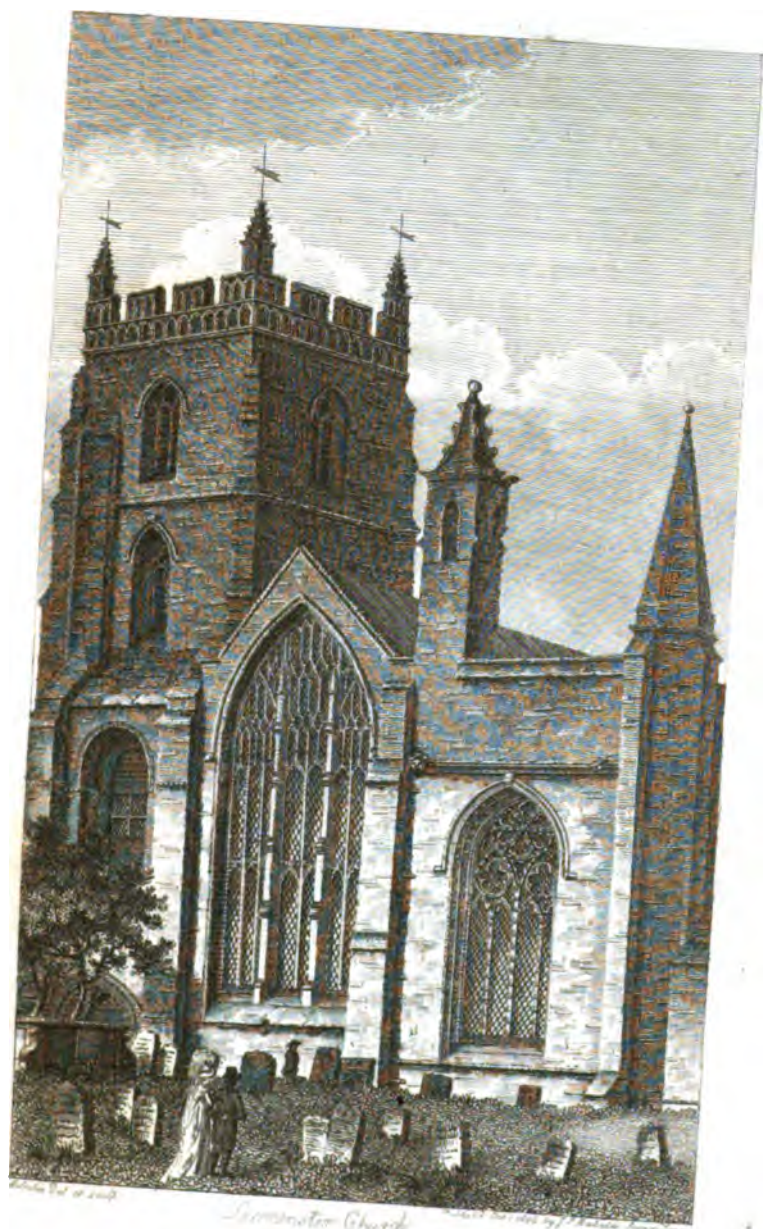
## EXCURSION TO LEOMINSTER.

The face of the country between Hereford and the above large market-town is composed of grand features; and the demi-mountains, clothed with hanging woods, command most extensive views. Those, however, were not my principal object in visiting Leominster: I had been informed the church possessed many attractions, in the variety of its architecture. Besides, Richard Vaughan, M.A. my late father-in-law, and *his* father, were incumbents for a long series of years.

When the reader examines the plates annexed to the following slight description of this remnant of monastic piety, attached to a more modern spacious church, I think he will agree with me that each is extremely interesting.

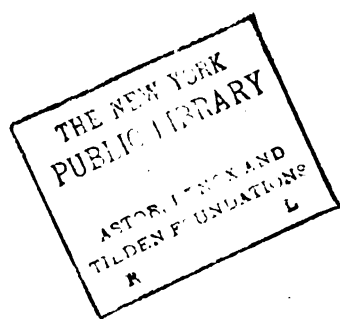
The West front might be mistaken for that of a cathedral. A massy tower rises at the North-west angle; a centre window, of vast dimensions, resembles those of the naves of such buildings; a turret, almost as large as the steeples of some parish churches, ascends from the parapet above; a second beautiful window lights the South aisle; and another octangular turret, with a spire on the summit, covers the South-west angle.

The base of the tower is flanked by two *pilasters* rather than buttresses, crossed by strings of chequered ornaments, under small semicircles, and zig-zags; between those *pilasters*, of undoubted Saxon



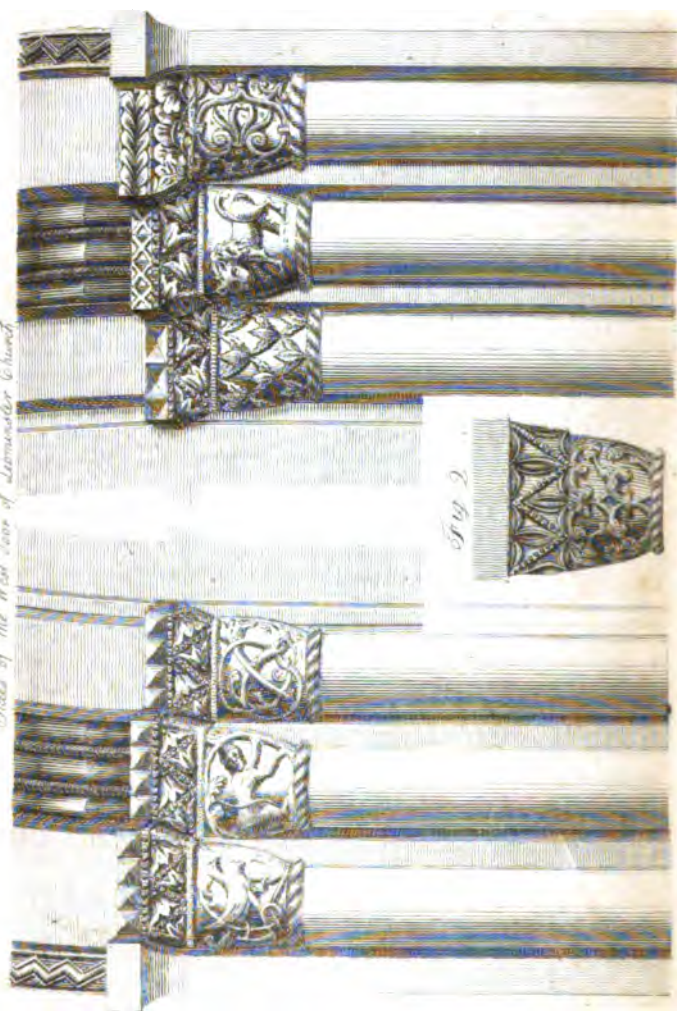
*St. Andrew's Church*

*Painted by J. Macdonald*





*Sides of the West Door of Lonsdale Church*



*Fig 2*

origin, is the great door to the conventual church, richly decorated with the best designs and sculpture of the Anglo-Saxon artist. Each side recedes in five angular gradations, something more than half the depth of the wall. On three of these are circular pillars, in true proportions, with capitals as finely ornamented as any discovered in the ruins of antient Rome. And I feel the less dread in making this assertion, as the sculptures of that celebrated city for architecture were confined to the five orders of columns. On the contrary our Saxon designed as his fancy dictated. Let the reader examine the plate representing a section of the door and the capitals, and he cannot but be pleased with the taste with which the tracery is combined with the bird and flowers. Those covered by grotesque animals must, however, be excepted, as they are barbarous wanderings of the imagination. Had the sculpture on this door been performed in Italian marble, the progress of the chissel would have been more free, and consequently the design more perfect. Besides, that beautiful substance affords lights and shades denied to the porous and dingy materials used in our antient buildings.

The arch demonstrates that the period had arrived when the *Pointed style* began to be admired and adopted. Three parts of five have plain superficies; but the extreme outline is composed of the zigzag ornament; and a broad portion over the centre pillars has three ranges of mouldings, projecting and receding in acute angles.



The door *inside* of the monastery contains four pillars with sculptured capitals in the depth. The lines of the arch are perfect *semicircles*.

The base of a large window rests upon the chequered string immediately over the door ; which is sadly injured ; but the parsimonious repairers, with wooden materials, have left two pillars on the sides, with capitals most exquisitely designed, as Fig. 2. will amply evince. The arch of this window is *semicircular without*, and *pointed within*, the church ; though it is not improbable this second deviation may be the effect of preceding repairs, particularly as there are two Saxon pillars beyond the spring of the arch.

From the sloped summits of the pilasters the tower ascends in the Pointed style, with buttresses in the usual form in the angles, and two ranges of windows, differing from others merely by the introduction of rows of arcades under and on the battlements.

The interior of this part of the church contains two vast piers, that support the Eastern angles of the tower, which are connected near the roof by a high pointed arch ; and the first next the piers, separating the North from the middle aisle, is of the same description. But the remainder are semicircular, and spring from enormous circular pillars, with fluted capitals. Over those are arcades, exactly of the Tuscan order ; and each is pierced into two smaller arches or windows, usually called those of galleries. And immediately under the flat oaken

roof are plain apertures, rather than clerestory windows.

Such is the Saxon or North part of the present church at Leominster; not now used for the celebration of divine service, though calculated to accommodate several thousands of persons. Indeed, the more modern part is so spacious that it is by no means necessary to chill the congregation, by a removal of the materials which fill the arches on the South side. The print of the West front precludes the necessity of a farther description.

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### THIRD EXCURSION.



THE court-yard of the Swan with Two Necks, Lad-lane, exhibits a scene every evening at seven o'clock highly illustrative of the rapid communication between distant places in Great Britain. A range of handsome mail-coaches faces the gate, surrounded by passengers and spectators. These radii of the great circle dart from London, the centre, at the same moment that many more depart from other inns. I seated myself in that destined for the antient city of Bristol, on the 13th of June 1805, and very soon arrived at the Gloucester coffee-house, Piccadilly. There three fellow-travellers entered the coach; and a fourth person, regardless of the intimation "Licensed to carry not exceeding four inside," would have prevailed on us, after obtaining the coachman's consent, to admit him; but the law of the land and the law of convenience forbad, and the application was unanimously rejected.

The disadvantages attending travelling in the mail are not numerous; yet those are of some importance: the fatigue is considerable, and the intervals of rest much too short; besides, the rapidity of their motion sometimes occasions an overturn. I

observed our coach appeared to be perfectly new ; but I felt the more secure on reflection, till the cause was explained by the self-congratulation of a gentleman, who said he should doze the night away in security, as he had never heard of the overturning of the *same person* a second time in the space of three days. This observation naturally produced inquiries ; which were immediately answered, though not *satisfactorily* to us. He said the horses were trotting at the rate of near nine miles an hour, on their way to London, when the reins of the leaders broke ; and, thus released, they deviated from the road, fell into a ditch, and threw the coach on its side. The narrator was asleep at the instant the vehicle fell ; and, pitching forward with the violence of the concussion, his head met that of a fellow-traveller, and caused the latter a bleeding at the nose for some time. The coachman, guard, and the other passengers, received no injury ; but the coach was so completely destroyed as to be unfit for farther use.

#### HABITUAL IRRITATION OF MIND.

Why should we create imaginary vexations when many sources of satisfaction invite favourable comparisons between present and possible situations ? Our *new coach* might have been overturned, yet we reached the inn where the director of our passage decreed we should sup, or breakfast, which the reader pleases, in perfect safety. The clock had told

the third hour, and we entered what appeared to me a good apartment, where *tables* were spread with tea-cups, bread, butter, and various kinds of meat. I declare every *article* invited my approach; and, if any difficulty arose in my mind, it was whether I was to undergo the fate of Tantalus, through the impatience of the driver. My companions, however, proceeded to remove that apprehension from themselves by an immediate attack on the viands; an attack which they accompanied by a volley of words, directed at the unfortunate, interesting, and fatigued young woman who attended.

“What, are *these* tea-cups fit to touch?—Oh! shameful, shameful!—What is *this*? *minced* sugar? This tea-kettle did not boil.”

“The dirtiest house, without exception, I ever entered!”—But enough has been repeated to remind the reader how wrong it is to wound the feelings even of a servant at an inn, when facts do not warrant correction. Perhaps, indeed, the subject may be pronounced unworthy of serious reprehension; but I represent man as I find him, and repeat his words *verbatim*.

Curiosity, and a desire to proceed with due caution on my first visit to Bristol, induced me to ask several questions of these gentlemen.

“Sir, Bristol is one hundred years behind the rest of the world in improvements: men of immense, nay princely fortune, *dine at two o'clock*; money is obtained with avidity, with eagerness, but is buried

and lost in the hands of the possessor, through want of spirit to enjoy it; in short, the city is a mere sink of filth and smoke, and the best inn within it is the nastiest in England.

“You cannot cross the streets without danger from the sledges, used instead of wheeled vehicles—I dined with my family at the ——— : it is true, we had turtle; but it was served in dishes, and eaten from plates, which had not been cleaned after previous use.”

So, Bristol is without one solitary recommendation. Neither its churches, streets, or domestic buildings, its trade or opulence, can save it from the reproach of the citizens *dining at two o'clock*.

O! ye brave warriors, our noble ancestors, I invoke your shades to witness this treason against *manhood*, this dereliction *from your dining hours of eleven and twelve*, to the modern *six, seven, and eight*.

## BRISTOL.

The first view of Bristol, from the London road, is at the distance of one mile. Hence it appears an extensive range of roofs, almost level. When the air is nearly calm, the numerous chimneys of the various manufactories are confused, by the streams of smoke issuing from them, with the towers and steeples; nor are they readily distinguished from each other. This circumstance occasions a visual increase of distance, so much that Bristol might be

readily supposed almost double its real size, and crowded with churches.

But, previous to the observations on, and description of this respectable city, with which I purpose to present the reader, it will be necessary to mention the government, and some other particulars.

The High Steward of the corporation is the Duke of Portland. Next to whom, in civic importance, are the mayor, the recorder, and the court of aldermen, two sheriffs, and 24 common-councilmen; the town-clerk and clerk of the peace, the chamberlain, steward of the Sheriff's court, and two coroners; and the corporation has a sword-bearer.

Besides the above officers, there are, a clerk of arraigns, a clerk to the town-clerk, a deputy chamberlain, a registrar of the Court of Conscience, his deputy, a collector of the town dues, an under-sheriff, a clerk of the markets, and two inspectors of nuisances.

The city sends two delegates to parliament; who are, the Right Hon. Charles Bathurst, and Evan Baillie, Esq.

The cathedral, and its dependencies, are protected by a dean, a chancellor, an archdeacon, five prebendaries, a precentor, three other minor canons, and a chapter-clerk. And, exclusive of the above reverend gentlemen, there are 39 resident clergymen, of the established church, within the city and vicinity.

The ecclesiastical court consists of the chancellor,

three surrogates, a registrar, two deputy registrars, four proctors, and an apparitor.

Sixteen Dissenting teachers, in addition, honour Bristol with their labours.

Neither is this flourishing mart destitute of legal protectors, five of whom are barristers, and the remainder *eighty-one attorneys*.

There are eighteen physicians, and sixty-seven surgeons, apothecaries, and accoucheurs.

The Charitable Institutions are numerous and flourishing.

The Infirmary, for the reception of persons afflicted with acute or chronical disorders, has a treasurer, four physicians, and five surgeons, an apothecary, a chaplain, a secretary, and a matron, who superintend others accidentally injured, and admitted without inquiry, in this noble, airy, and excellent building; consisting of a centre and one wing, to which another will very soon be added.

The Dispensary, a treasurer, three physicians, three man-midwives, three female practitioners, two apothecaries, and a secretary.

A Medical Institution on the Broad Quay, and at the Hot Wells, has two physicians and a surgeon.

But the most benevolent and excellent establishment is that of the Asylum for the Indigent Blind. Poverty and blindness, united in one pitiable object! Can human misery extend beyond these inflictions? A wretch destitute of sustenance, and forbid to work for it! The Asylum for the Indigent Blind will



plead trumpet-tongued at the Throne of Mercy in favour of the Bristolians ; and Sterne's recording Angel will weep away all their sins for this beautiful and sublime expiation. The necessary buildings for the reception of the unfortunate applicants is situated in Lower Magdalen or Maudlin-street. There every practicable effort is adopted to teach them manual occupations ; for the double purpose of amusing the almost blank mind, and diverting the attention from contemplating to madness the horrors of eternal darkness, and providing a permanent support for themselves. Subscriptions towards which are earnestly solicited by the treasurer and twenty-nine members of the committee presiding over the institution. A collection of very curious articles, consisting of flowers, baskets, mats for the table, &c. are exhibited for sale at the Asylum.

St. Peter's Hospital particularly attracted my attention, which is situated near the street, and behind the church dedicated to that Saint. From the number of gables on the front, decorated with strange grotesque carving, it has evidently been the mansion of a person of consequence ; and is appropriated to Thomas Norton, who lived in the reign of Henry IV.

This hospital, the general receptacle for almost every description of poor persons, even including lunatics and idiots, is attended by a physician, three surgeons, an apothecary, a chaplain, and governed by a treasurer, master, and matron.

The citizens of Bristol have established several

other hospitals and institutions for the relief of their fellow-beings, equally honourable to them as members of the great community of England and as Christians. Nor have they by any means been deficient in providing for the wants of youth of both sexes, who are taught and provided for in various ways, by different religious persuasions, to the number of a thousand; exclusive of the schools founded by the Thornes, Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, Sunday schools, &c.

When the benevolence of Bristol is under consideration, it would be unpardonable not to mention Edward Colston, born there in 1636, whose unequalled liberality is still the constant theme of his grateful townsmen. 'This gentleman acquired a vast fortune by the profession of a merchant; which he did not reserve to be disposed of by will, through the uninterested hands of executors; but distributed it himself, as the prudence of the moment dictated, in founding a school for ever in St. Augustine's place, for 100 boys; whom he wholly provided for, and presented with a fee at apprenticeship of £.15. each; another in Temple-street for 40 boys; and an almshouse for 48 men and women, on St. Michael's hill. Such were the acts which procure him an anniversary from the inhabitants of Bristol; those he performed in London, when member of parliament for his native place, are recorded in the archives of Heaven, and will appear in large items in the hours of future rewards and punishments. Colston, evidently influenced by the genuine spirit

of philanthropy, carefully avoiding injuring his relatives when providing for the wants of strangers. The distribution *of the whole* of a man's possessions in charity evinces ostentation rather than benevolence; and his family and the publick despise his memory accordingly. Colston, on the contrary, left his relations £.100,000.; and used that only for the desolate which they could not wish for without incurring the charge of selfishness and avarice.

#### SITUATION OF BRISTOL.

The old city stands on a comparative level, but the new extends up the East and South-east sides of very considerable hills. The Avon enters it from the South-east, and proceeds in that direction to St. Peter's hospital; whence it flows near due South to Ratcliff, then West, and afterwards in a serpentine line to Rownham meads; whence it turns again, and passes St. Vincent's rocks to the North-north-west,

The From enters Bristol at the North-east quarter; and approaches the Avon near St. Peter's hospital; where Bridge, St. Peter's, and Wine streets, intervene between them. It then proceeds North-west, South-west, and South, till it falls into the Avon, at the base of St. Michael's hill; forming a long projection of land, covered by Queen-square and several streets.

Whatever may be the beauties of the shores of the Avon beyond Bristol, truth compels me to say, the

river by no means improves them. The tide, which rises even thirty feet within the city, brings with it an astonishing quantity of soil from the Severn. This deposits, and forms vast sloping banks, extremely disgusting at low water, when the Avon becomes a mere canal, not more in breadth than four times the length of the ferry-boat you enter to cross it at the Gibb.

A bank of mud faces the pier-head at the junction of the two rivers, which is considered by mariners as a most convenient bed to receive the bottoms of vessels when rushing up the Avon at a rate that has frequently occasioned their total loss against the pier.

Can a river only 105 feet in breadth, discoloured with filth, be an agreeable object, even at high water? or can it, by the most extravagant strains of panegyrick, be converted into a safe navigation, when a sail cannot be used without hazard of depositing the vessel on a bank, where she may overturn at the ebb of the tide? or what can be more absurd than to assert it is one of the "deepest, safest, and most convenient for navigation, in England," when ships and small craft are seen up to their wales *in mud*, and full ten feet below the surface of the indented quays?

Persons who are infatuated by prejudices arising from long residence, and that have seen little of the world, speak of Bristol as one of the best ports in Europe; those who are ship-owners, and have visited London, Liverpool, and Hull, have at length

been convinced of their error. In short, Bristol decidedly required an *improved* port: and that improvement is now in progress, on a very extended scale indeed, which will cost full £.300,000.

The rates levied to raise part of this immense sum are, six-pence in the pound on the same rents as are assessed for the poor; the remainder to be procured by subscriptions, at four, and not exceeding eight *per cent.* profit. The returns for which are to be charged on the tonnage of boats frequenting the bason; and duties upon every separate article imported, from *anchovies* to *yarn*, in alphabetical progression.

The corporation and society of merchants who formed the plan, estimate the general return thus:

Tonnage £.8600.

Rates on goods and merchandize £.3340.

Annual rate on houses £.2400.

Tonnage on the canal £.1830.

And the licence for craft £.400.

In all £.16,570. *per annum.*

After a certain term of years has expired, the whole concern is to revert to the corporation.

A thousand arguments were urged in favour of the undertaking by one class of the inhabitants; to which an equal number of replies and objections were made by another. Indeed, I much doubt whether there was a *neutral* in the city. Hand-bills replete with arguments, and sarcastic paragraphs in the newspapers, must have amused the stranger;

though not one, I am confident, made a proselyte on either side in the parties concerned.

The intention is, to convert the *river*, from Rownham ferry nearly to St. Anne's mill, into *wet docks*, and to *turn the river into a new channel* South of the present. Besides this vast undertaking, the projectors intend to excavate a large entrance-bason in Rownham meadows, a second auxiliary entrance-bason at Trim mills, a tide dam, and land-flood dam at the Northern extremity, and an overfall sluice at Rownham. The latter is to serve to carry off ice in winter, *which is to be broken by raising and falling the water suddenly*.

The canal, by the scale annexed to the plan, appears to be near four miles in length, and the depth will be greater than that of the bed of the river.

The principal objections to these improvements were, the excessive flow of the tide, and the consequent pressure on the gates, the amazing deposit of mud, and the accumulation of ice. The first is an inconvenience which can in no other way be remedied than by excessive strength in the construction of the walls and gates, as in the docks at Liverpool, where the weight of water in the Mersey must be tenfold beyond that of the Avon. The mud floating in with the vessels, in defiance of every precaution, will certainly accumulate, and must be removed at intervals. But, as the expence cannot yet be estimated, the objection is by no means serious.

The wet-docks of Bristol may not be frozen on an average more than one winter in five; and even

then the concern will suffer only in proportion with every other in the kingdom founded on fresh water. As to the proposed method of breaking and discharging thence, I believe that project will completely fail.

The From is a beautiful little pellucid stream, in Earl's mead, North of Bristol, and thence to its source deserves most honourable mention, from the rich variety of its shores: but I must trace it through Bristol, and describe it as it is there. Numerous willows overhang the banks near From bridge, and some few houses on the South-east side are tolerably neat. Yet, even there, the water stagnates, and becomes impregnated with the offal of manufactories.

In its progress through the heart of the city it is seldom seen, and is frequently almost arched by the avarice of antient builders, who suspended some of the vilest erections above it I think I have ever witnessed. At the Quay-head the river emerges from its concealment, and becomes a spacious dock; and hence to the Avon, both above and below the draw-bridge, are numerous small vessels, generally coasters, or traders to Wales and Ireland; but those lay in a bed of mud, except during the short interval of flood-tide.

Large vessels may float to Bristol, and ships of the line have been built there; but most of the heavy merchantmen unload at the mouth of the Avon. The reader will perceive a ship-yard in the view of the church of St. Mary Redcliff; besides which

there are several others, and dry-docks for repairing, and two wet-docks; but the latter were sadly clogged with mud when I saw them.

The projection of land already mentioned, between the Avon and Frome, is bounded on the East, West, and South, by an excellent wall, indented for the reception of vessels; between which and the warehouses are large spaces for cranes, and arranging the various articles of import and export previous to their removal by the owners, or placing them in the shipping.

No vessels pass Bristol bridge, and small ones only approach it.

Some silly prejudice has operated with the traders of this city to the present moment, and induced them to prefer sledges for drawing the most ponderous articles; hogsheads of sugar and rum, numerous bars of iron, casks and bales, are invariably removed in this manner. And, although every stranger immediately perceives the extreme labour of the horses, and observes the long lines of metal streaked on the stones, demonstrating the resistance occasioned by their inequalities, yet the Bristolian walks over them without reflection, and dodges in zigzags to avoid the rapid turns of the machine, which frequently moves as if on a centre. Nor doth he imagine for a moment the difficulties he creates in the progress of his business.

The Custom-house, on the North side of Queen-square, is very conveniently situated, almost in the midst of the circuit of trade; and the duties of the



port of Bristol are near £.300,000. *per annum*, on an average. The same square contains the Excise-office. But neither of these buildings are very creditable to the city.

The Exchange, in Corn-street, stands at a very trifling distance from the Quay, and is a most respectable structure, composed of a rustic basement, supporting a range of Corinthian pillars, pilasters, an entablature, a pediment, and balustrade, with vases, divided into a centre and wings; whence an arch leads to the quadrangle *intended* for the reception of merchants. But the foreigner may seek them there in vain: let him search in the *adjacent street*, and he may be more successful. Wonderful! that the citizens of Bristol should expend £.50,000. on an Exchange erected by Wood of Bath, and yet prefer the rough stones of the street to the smooth ones of their piazzas, and the casual torrents of a British climate to the arches which would protect them from repeated wettings.

However, some method and contrivance is discoverable in arranging the above-mentioned necessary buildings; and it would be unfair, in censuring, not to praise the foresight which induced the community to add the Post-office to the West wing of the Exchange, from which a narrow passage only divides it.

Merchants-hall, at the North-end of Prince's-street, deserves notice as a neat edifice, and as it contains a portrait of the celebrated Edward Colston.

## ST. MICHAEL'S AND BRANDON HILLS.

The ground rises rapidly from Canons' marsh on the Avon, and the Quay on the West side of the Froom, and is termed St. Michael's-hill. The East side of this hill is entirely covered with buildings, which spread quite to the summit, but terminate there for the present.

South-west of St. Michael's is Brandon-hill, said to be 250 feet above the level of the city. The hill is a perfect cone, and bears strong marks of having been formed by a subterraneous cause, probably volcanic. The rock which composes it is a mass of matter resembling the dross of iron, mixed with red ochre, and fragments of very hard stone, the whole evidently combined by fire. But, whatever the once-fluid substance may have consisted of originally, the strongest spirit of nitre has now no kind of effect on it. The manner in which the matter alluded to is disposed seems to favour the supposition that some violent cause urged burning masses upward from the earth, through a small aperture in the centre of the hill, which still impelled, and cooling on the surface, split in every direction, and rent the stones carried with it. Saint Michael's hill, though separated from it only by a small valley, has nothing indicative of ebullition; but St. Vincent's rocks, though essentially different in their component parts, may be adduced in sup-

is an angle of very many degrees, and the lines of the houses and their copings form complete steps.

To commence this grand view, from the left ; a mansion of the purest white, and of the Doric order, buried in dark foliage, on the summit of a beautiful slope, has the effect of a most retired country villa, although separated from the suburbs of Bristol merely by a grove of elms, judiciously disposed. The lawn, descending from the front, planted at intervals, grouped with an imitation of one of the ruined towers of a castle, the grove, and the house, strongly evince the taste of Mr. Tindal the proprietor.

The horizon beyond Mr. Tindal's house retires full twenty miles ; and from the base of St. Michael's hill the city extends in a semicircle ; but sadly immersed in smoke, even in the month of June, which, rising from numerous manufactories, clouds the atmosphere and obscures the nearest outlines, burying the more distant in impenetrable confusion. Yet Devonshire-buildings, Bath, may be observed in the evening, after the hours of labour are past ; and then the fourteen spires and towers of Bristol become visible, and the lines of the streets may be traced, with thirteen huge cones interspersed, the chimneys of kilns.

The cathedral appears from this elevation as if immersed in foliage, and has a very fine effect. This venerable fane demands attentive examination, though deprived of the nave, and in other respects mutilated. The tower is large, but not of con-

siderable altitude. Three of the angles are supported by buttresses, and the fourth has a turret. Beneath the battlements are ranges of pointed arcades; and, lower, two of rich windows, partially filled with modern masonry. The great arch of the nave has been converted into a vast window.

A row of handsome houses, intersected by the masts of vessels, and a second grove, separate the cathedral from the church of St. Mary Redcliff, which might be mistaken for a grand monastic structure, of the most splendid description, but the spire unfinished injures the grace of the general outline.

Beyond that majestic pile the hills retire in gentle ascent, marked by numerous green boundaries, each containing the various gifts of nature to the laborious farmer; and at their bases are terraces of neat mansions. Hence Westward the Avon emerges from the city in a semicircle, and flows through meadows almost to the edge of Brandon-hill; where a dense black smoke issues from a glass-house. The South side of the stream is diversified by trees, and the vast excavations for the improvement of the port. Those are of a bright red, and wonderfully enliven the verdure of the beautiful rising landscape, closed by the hills of Dundry, and the richly-ornamented tower of the church there.

The abrupt middle distance of Belle-vue and Clifton, formed of hanging-woods, white mansions and terraces, with the remote meadows covered by white cloth for bleaching, strongly resembling

sheets of water, is extremely fascinating, and conducts the eye to glimpses of mountains in Wales, beyond Durdham-downs, and the intervening suburbs of Bristol.

The ground immediately before Brandon-hill, on this side, deserves particular notice, and is broken into those picturesque inequalities which were so well represented by the late artist Morland, who would have correctly and finely delineated the rich groupings of trees, the verdant slopes of grass, and the houses elevated above each other to the summit of Clifton.

Such is the view from Brandon-hill: those less extensive obtained from St. Michael's, through the avenues of streets, have their attractions on an evening when the sun is nearly set, and the tints become purple and gold. At that serene and pleasing hour the houses spread before the spectator, and appear to approach his feet; the spires seem as if they might be touched by an extended arm, and the superb St. Mary's glows with all the attractions of sculpture gilt by Nature.

The morning sun silvers the objects on Brandon and St. Michael's. Then every street, every house, every tree, the cathedral, the laundress spreading her dazzling white linens on the cone, the nursery-maid and the infant, may be observed far above the house-tops of the city.

There are few cities which exhibit a greater contrast in the disposition of their streets, and in the form of their houses, than Bristol. The antient

and unaltered parts are inconceivably unpleasant, dark, and dirty; and the suburbs consist of numberless lanes, lined by houses inhabited by a wild race, whose countenances indicate wretchedness and affright. These are the wives and offspring of the labourers at copper and iron works, glass-houses, and many other manufactories; where they are buried from the world, amidst fire, smoke, and dust; and when released, sufficient leisure is denied them to humanize themselves and families.

Let the reader imagine a cellar, of considerable dimensions, lighted and ventilated by *inconsiderable* apertures, on one side only, containing a huge furnace flaming with intense heat, maintained by men; and then let him conjecture what the feelings of those men must be, when they are assured they are for ever condemned to those and similar regions of despair and misery.

The following fact will serve to evince how the youth of this class of persons are, voluntarily, trained to hardships we shrink from with horror. One of the glass-houses in the environs of Bristol has the vast grate for the tremendous fire necessary to melt the materials without the cone, yet connected with it: boys have been known to crawl on the burning ashes, falling from the ignited coals on the grate, *beyond the fire*, and there seat themselves till they chose to return, or were dislodged by the workmen.

Such is the state of society at present, that a majority of the community would starve were not

people of this description to be found. I may lament that men should be compelled to undergo hardships almost too dreadful for contemplation; but I do not by any means wish to be understood as blaming the citizens of Bristol for employing the inhabitants in the production of those articles which support the labourer, the artizan, the retailer, and the merchant, and contribute to the honour and independence of the island.

As the opulence caused by the industry of the Bristolian increases, we are agreeably reminded that his conceptions expand in proportion. Hundreds of sound yet inconvenient houses have been rebuilt in consequence, where the tradesman resides in the midst of his family, surrounded by comforts his neighbours determine henceforward to realize; and I cannot but anticipate the time when those strange, grotesque, encroaching, yet interesting, antient buildings, *now very numerous*, which darken the narrow streets, shall become as rare at Bristol as they are at present in London through the casualty of 1666.

Several streets have been widened within a few years past, to the great improvement of the city; and others will in all probability be rebuilt.

It is much to be lamented that part of the *furor* for building, which lately prevailed at Bristol, had not been directed into a more useful channel than extending the city Westward, when half of the sums expended on absurd speculations, applied to improve the streets, and rebuild the old houses,

would have repaid the builder great interest, without risking his principal. A rich merchant or tradesman, who determines to continue his money-increasing pursuits, cannot be tempted from his favourite house or shop by splendid mansions on St. Michael's hill, where it is out of his power to converse with others of his own way of thinking; and the speculators of Bristol soon felt that all their squares, crescents, and magnificence, would be destitute of residents, though certainly highly desirable. Those mistaken men appear to have followed the pernicious example of London builders, who often ruin themselves, but sometimes make great fortunes, by erecting rows of fine houses *in the fields*, forgetting that London possesses a magnetic power of attraction of which Bristol is entirely destitute. The former, being the seat of government, and the seat of a thousand other inducements to residence, has a constant supply of fresh inhabitants, who speedily occupy new houses; but the reverse has been found to be the case in a very great measure in Bristol.

I do not recollect a more melancholy spectacle, independent of human sufferings, than a walk on a dull day through the silent and falling houses in the Western environs of this city; almost all of which are so nearly finished as to represent the deserted streets occasioned by a siege, or the ravages of a plague. Nor can one fail of reflecting on the ruin many families must have suffered, to occasion such a picture of desolation.



Even the beautiful park already mentioned as belonging to Mr. Tindal was let on building leases; and grand avenues of architecture were projected, and actually commenced, when misfortune interfered, and restored the domain to the owner; who has since effaced every mark, and returned his soil to the bountiful hand of Nature, now happily employed in renewing *her* embellishments.

If the infatuation, which too long prevailed, had ceased when inhabitants no longer offered for the new houses, the beauty of the Western suburb would have demanded that admiration which I shall not attempt to deny to Park-street, *almost* perpendicular, and of the Doric order, Berkeley-square, and Charlotte-street, all of freestone, commanding from their great elevation most fascinating views.

Two objections prevail against this portion of the city, which are beyond redress; the fatigue of ascent, and the danger attending the foot-way in frosty weather. The former is a shocking inconvenience to the inhabitants of the extensive, broad, and generally well-built road, or rather street, strangely called St. Michael's *hill*, when criminals are conveyed for execution to the summit; who are detained an incredible length of time, during the repeated yet necessary rests of the horses.

Numbers of extremely pleasant residences, shaded by foliage, are scattered on the hill; and many streets, but a greater number of lanes, intersect it, most of which command the *finest* prospects.

The longest streets on the level, or in *antient* Bristol, are Redcliff, Temple, the Old Market, Corn, Wine, Broad Mead, and Marlborough; to which may be added many others of considerable, but inferior, length and breadth.

The inhabitants say there are nine squares; but the reader who has never visited Bristol must by no means think of Portman or Grosvenor squares in London, when estimating their size and buildings. Queen-square certainly ranks in the first class; but is not quite so well built as we could wish, nor as the area demands; which is railed, and has an avenue of fine elms on each side, that shade a broad graveled walk. The centre contains an equestrian statue of William III. in bronze, by Rysbrack, of considerable merit, and the head of the horse deserves praise. Eight walks diverge from the pedestal to the sides and angles of the area; and the remainder is covered with grass, oddly enough protected from the deviating steps of pedestrians by rough stakes driven along the borders; which practice is common in other squares of this city, and has a strange and disagreeable effect. The mansion-house, or permanent residence for the mayor, is situated in the North-east corner of Queen-square, and may be pronounced a comfortable and spacious, if not a superb building.

Prince's street, parallel with the West side of the Square, deserves notice, as it contains several fine houses; and the Assembly-room, of white stone, fronted by a rustic basement, and four Corin-

thian pillars, supporting a frieze, inscribed "*Curas cithara tollit*," a cornice, and very handsome pediment.

A modern square, dedicated to the Duke of Portland, at the Northern extremity of Bristol, is a second memento of speculation in freestone, which remains unfinished, and nods in concert with one or two streets near it. The fronts of the houses have pilasters and attics; but I am by no means determined which of the five Grecian orders claims the capitals of the former.

The increase of inhabitants in this neighbourhood occasioned the division of the parish of Saint James, and the erection of a new church on the East side of the square, dedicated to St. Paul, in 1794.

The architect asserts the neat structure thus situated to be in the Gothic, or, if you please, in the antient English Pointed style. I certainly agree with him, and admit that the arches of every description *are Pointed*; yet, with this concession, he must permit me to add, that the tower *resembles a Grecian building at a distance*, and, when examined, an attempt to imitate the Pointed style is observable, which it as little *resembles* as the tower of Saint Mary Redcliff does the dome of Saint Paul's, London.

#### THE CATHEDRAL

occupies the South side of a triangular space called the *College-green*, which is intersected by walks,

and very pleasantly ornamented by large trees, where the soldiers in garrison parade morning and evening, while the bands perform martial airs, and the citizens walk and converse, or listen in groupes to the music.

It will be sufficient for me to describe this venerable building as it now remains.

A gateway of Saxon architecture, in the Southwest corner of the College-green, consists of the most curious ornaments in that style, and cannot fail of exciting the warmest praises from the admirer of antiquity. The mouldings are covered with a great variety of interlaced reliefs; which are as correctly and accurately arranged as it would be practicable to entwine ribands; and the stone is fortunately so durable that the sculpture is now sharp, and nearly as well defined as if just completed. But the superstructure is in the Pointed style, with niches, pinnacles, and battlements. After passing through it to the lower green, a passage introduces the visitor to the antient cloisters, with a modern house in the centre of the quadrangle; where he may observe many peculiarities of Saxon origin in the pillars, capitals, and arches, which are interesting through their age and comparative rarity.

Though this cathedral is smaller than those of many other dioceses, it has a most prepossessing effect from the intersection of the transepts, and must have been extremely magnificent before the destruction of the nave. The side siles of the

choir, contrary to generally-established rules in the arrangement of conventual churches, are elevated to the height of the middle aisle; and hence arises an air of spacious grandeur sometimes denied to larger structures.

The East window remains, I should imagine, nearly, if not quite, in its original state; and is very richly and brilliantly filled with representations of saints, monarchs, devices, and arms, in painted glass. The outline may be said to include three large windows. Those on the sides are composed of trefoil divisions, with clusters of ovals in the arches; each of the former containing three small trefoils; and the centre has six divisions; with quatre and trefoils above them. The remainder of the great outline spreads into six leaves, filled with a repetition of the trefoil.

Niches containing coroneted busts, perhaps of the then reigning monarch and his queen, are introduced on each side, and in the depth of the window.

The altar-piece, elevated on five steps of marble, is almost as the architect of the choir left it. One alteration indeed has occurred; but I am inclined to forgive the innovators, as they have by no means committed all the injury in their power.

Three magnificent arcades, separated by buttresses of three gradations, enriched with crockets and finials, filled the space from the pavement to the base of the East window. Two of those are perfect; but the centre is covered by a modern

altar-piece, composed of four Corinthian columns, inclosing an arch, painted with a nimbus, by Van Somers, supporting an entablature, and circular divided pediment. The arcades have neat mouldings, which are studded with rosettes, and ornamented with crockets, and terminate in foliage. The angles on the sides of the arches contain shields of arms; and the frieze has four vast heads, projecting in high relief. The cornice, set with roses, forms the base of a range of arches of various breadths, and lozenges, each filled with shields of arms, quatrefoils, and the rebus of a tree issuing from a ton, with the initials W. B. annexed. The arms and regal crown of England adorn the centre.

The termination is extremely beautiful, and serves to prove the skill and ingenuity of our antient sculptors, who spared neither time nor labour in piercing exquisite ornaments. Forty-seven niches, with trefoils in the arches, compose the parapet; the mouldings of which are contrived to form lozenges, crowned with foliage. In each are quatrefoils; and between the foliage are heads of bishops or abbots, and roses.

Let the votary of Grecian architecture visit this antient altar-piece and window; and, if he returns with all his prejudices, I resign him as hopeless, and beyond the reach of the remedy of British art.

There are two windows on the sides of this part of the choir. Those next the altar are divided by one horizontal mullion, and the width by three perpendicular, which form a double range of cinque-

foil arches, with two quatrefoils in each; and the great arches of the windows have four. The others contain two horizontal, and the same number of perpendicular mullions; but the former are branched in the midst, so as to form ovals over and under the ranges of cinquefoil arches.

A variety of subjects, in painted glass, give a rich effect in those windows; and, though greatly subordinate to the Eastern, they make a fine groupe with it. The piers have pierced passages, and busts of bishops and monks over them. Under each are strings of roses; and three clustered pillars, on the fronts of the piers, ascend to the roof; where nine ribs diverge from the capitals, and, intersecting in the vault, compose a series of lozenges in the apex; and others in the ramifications above the windows.

Under them, and near the pavement, are large recesses, composed by four sides of a pierced octagon, with escalops on the interior outline; and on the exterior are four semicircles, and two halves reversed, with foliage on the points and mouldings. Three contain effigies of bishops, or mitred abbots; but the fourth has been destroyed, to admit a monument, dated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The remainder of the church has four pillars on each side, besides others which support the tower, and are placed on vast mouldings, turning into Pointed arches, that form part of the roof. The capitals are enriched with foliage, and the same description of ribs diverge from them as those

already mentioned. The pillars that face the side ailes have a singularity attached, which I have nowhere else observed; the strong arches supported by them ascend from stones placed horizontally across the ailes, that resemble beams; busts on them are the bases of small mouldings; and a double row of arches is thus inserted, East and West, *within the vaults* of the ailes. We should condemn a modern architect for such an exploit.

The windows are the whole height of the walls. The Eastern, where the church increases in breadth, has three ranges of arches and quatrefoils in the great arch. The rest are similar to those in the chancel.

Three niches in the South wall resemble the recesses already described. One contains the effigies of a Crusader, the second a knight, and the third is empty.

A beautiful door, ornamented with buttresses, niches, finials, and foliage, opens into a small anti-chapel, highly enriched on the sides and roof, which leads to St. Mary's, or the oratory of the Berkeleys, paved with glazed tiles, and decorated with a cieling covered by tracery, and three very fine windows.

There are two antient sepulchral niches in the North wall empty; but a third is pierced through to the elder Lady chapel, and contains an altar-tomb, with the effigies of a man in armour and his lady, alluded to in the following inscription, placed near it:



“ The monument of Robert Fitzharding, lord of Berkeley, descended from the kings of Denmark ; and Eva his wife ; by whom he had five sons and two daughters. Maurice, his eldest son, was the first of the family that took the name of Berkeley. This Robert Fitzharding laid the foundation of this church and monastery of St. Augustine, in the year 1140, the fifth of King Stephen, dedicated and endowed it in 1148.

“ He died in the year 1170, in the 17 of King Henry II.

“ This monument was repaired A. D. 1742.

“ From the said Robert Fitzharding, lord of Berkeley, Augustus the present earl is the two-and-twentieth in descent.”

The architecture of this chapel evinces a remoter date than the rest of the cathedral, and has a range of arcades on the side, separated by clustered pillars, and the arches are ornamented with foliage and busts. Three single columns on the walls support the vault, intersected by plain groins. The four windows in the North are each three pyramidal lancets, faced within by isolated pillars. The Eastern has five, with quatrefoils above them.

There are several handsome modern monuments, and two for well-known characters :

“ Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, in whom genius and benevolence were united.”

Sterne's celebrated *Eliza*, commemorated by figures emblematic of the genii mentioned in the above short inscription.

George Colman, senior, the dramatic author, inscribed the second monument, erected by his widow, to William Powell, patentee of Covent Garden theatre, who died in 1769.

"Bristol ! to worth and genius ever just,  
To thee our Powell's dear remains we trust:  
Soft as the streams thy sacred springs impart,  
The milk of human kindness warm'd his heart ;  
That heart, which every tender feeling knew,  
The soil where pity, love, and friendship grew.  
Oh ! let a faithful friend, with grief sincere,  
Inscribe his tomb, and drop the heartfelt tear ;  
Here rest his praise, here sound his noblest fame,  
All else a bubble, or an empty name."

Mr. Powell was one of the managers of the theatre erected in King-street about 1766, which is said to be handsome and convenient ; but I had not an opportunity of seeing it.

#### CUSTOMS OF THE BRISTOLIANS.

An antient house situated at the North end of Frogmore-street has an empty niche on the angle, where the statue of some saint has evidently stood, in the manner they are placed in the streets of cities on the continent ; and I am the more convinced of the correctness of this supposition, as the build-

ing, which is of timber and plaster, has no resemblance to the appendages of a religious structure.

Hence to the drawbridge every circumstance reminds the stranger of a populous trading city : numerous hackney-coaches interrupt his steps, and great numbers of persons glide rapidly on each side of the streets. The male inhabitants of Bristol are generally well formed ; but the females are short, and few have handsome features. Neither have they that elegance of exterior which distinguishes even the nursery-maids and shop-women of London. Let me, however, be understood to speak of the aggregate in this particular, as thousands of exceptions occur, and present us with exquisite beauty, embellished with all the attributes of the Graces.

Were we to confine our observations to the youth and adults of the male sex only, it would be difficult to discover any material difference in their manners and appearance from those of the metropolis.

Neither sex has yet adopted that convenient method of passing through the streets which renders *our* movements nearly uninterrupted even in Cheap-side. The citizens of Bristol politely endeavour to give each other the wall, and thus constantly impede their progress in a *direct* line, forgetting that no rudeness can possibly be imputed to individuals where *every person* invariably inclines to the *right* when meeting others.

Should a small portion of the 100,000 people who inhabit this city meet with my work, let them pro-

fit by the gentle reprehension I now convey for their excess of good-breeding.

On passing through *Clare*, *Corn*, and *Wine*, named as if three, though but *one* street, numbers of large and excellent shops attract the attention very forcibly to the best articles of dress, gold, silver, and jewellery, and books and prints by the most eminent authors and artists, which are continued down High-street to Bristol-bridge.

Those, the Exchange, the Post-office, the Stage-coach-offices, and the Exchange market, constantly assemble numbers of persons ; and this focus is the point where character may be observed, and inferences drawn. Mine are, that regularity, industry, and civility, distinguish the citizens of Bristol and its *rural* environs.

The display of meat and vegetables, cheese, &c. &c. in the different markets, is plentiful ; but those articles almost reach the London prices. Coals and house-rent, however, compensate the inhabitant, and are very reasonable. Indeed, the former abounds even under the city, and the vicinity of Kingswood reduces them to 14*s.* *per* ton.

The whole body of the people emerge from their houses in the evenings of fine Sundays, and walk to the various heights in the neighbourhood ; where they breathe a salubrious air, or pass through luxuriant meadows to the tea-gardens near Stapleton. But I observed, during my residence, that very few indeed of the richest inhabitants were *pedestrians* beyond the limits of the city.

An anniversary of the charity-children, held in the parish of St. James, enabled me to observe the spirit with which celebrations of that nature are entered into. The steeple of the church was literally *dressed*, in the nautical phrase, with large ensigns and pendants, and made a most gaudy appearance, compared with the solitary and ragged flags exhibited upon a few of our London steeples on rejoicing-days.

A very considerable degree of interest and expectation fruitlessly agitated the Bristolians when I was there, in consequence of an intimation that the Royal Family would honour the city with a visit. The first upon record from a crowned head was involuntary, and occurred in the person of King Stephen, as a prisoner to the Empress Maud, whom he had previously entertained there, when duped by her pacific professions.

Since the Revolution of 1688 the citizens have had the honour of receiving Queen Anne and the Prince of Denmark in 1703; and the former again in 1710. But, though every attention was paid the royal guests, much disloyalty appears to have been shewn to the Queen's successor, George I. which afterwards subsided, as will be evinced by the following account of the splendid honours rendered to Frederick prince of Wales, and his lady, in 1738, extracted from the General Evening Post of November 11.

*“ Bristol, Nov. 11.* The neighbouring parishes have been busy all the week in mending and cleaning the roads (which were grown almost impassable) through which their Royal Highnesses were to pass, in their way to the city; and the better to accommodate them in their journey, Colonel Bridges, of Keynsham, gave their Royal Highnesses an invitation to come through his park, which extends almost to Bussleton common; and, at the same time, made a present to their Royal Highnesses of a brace of deer, hares, partridges, &c.

“ Yesterday, about noon, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales paid their promised visit to this city, accompanied by my Lord Baltimore, Sir Thomas Saunderson, and other persons of quality,

“ At their departure from Bath Mr. Thompkins, the boatman, saluted them with a discharge of several small cannon. A great many of the citizens of Bath accompanied their Highnesses hither. The roads were lined with a vast concourse of country people, belonging to the several parishes on the road, who testified their joy by firing small guns, &c.

“ At length they arrived at Temple Gate; within-side of which, under the town wall, scaffolding was erected for the Mayor and Corporation. As soon as their Royal Highnesses had entered the city, they were congratulated by our Recorder in a very eloquent manner. Then the gentlemen of the corporation went into their coaches, which were near at hand, and so the grand cavalcade began,

“The companies of the city made a magnificent appearance in their formalities, marching two by two, preceding the Corporation and the royal guests.

“The Company of Glassmen went first, dressed in white Holland shirts, on horseback, some with swords, others with crowns and sceptres in their hands, made of glass. Then followed the Wool-Combers, on foot, dressed also in white, with woollen caps, dyed in different colours, and wands in their hands. Next came the Weavers, likewise in white, and on foot; in the midst of whom was a new loom, erected on a pageant, with a boy in it weaving a piece of shag along the streets, to whom his Highness was pleased to make a present of five guineas. Then proceeded the several other companies, consisting of 21 in number, all in their formalities; among whom was the Sadlers, who made a splendid appearance, on horseback, with rich cockades in their hats, who complimented the Prince in a very particular manner, and who was pleased to return them his thanks.

“Mr. Nash, the Sir Clement of Bath, attended their Royal Highnesses hither, and proceeded in the cavalcade.

“Along our spacious key were planted 121 pieces of cannon, which were regularly discharged during the procession. A great number of guns were also discharged from the opposite sides; but the first salute was given by the cannon planted on Brandon hill.

“ The cavalcade passed round the key, that the royal visitors might have a full view of the shipping, and the beauty of the harbour.

“ The companies ranged themselves in two columns in the square, under cover of the horse; so that their Highnesses had a compleat view of the whole cavalcade, as they proceeded to their lodgings, where the clergy, and body of merchants, congratulated them on their happy arrival; the Rev. Dr. Harcourt, in the name of the clergy; and Mr. John Coysgarne, master of the hall, in the name of the merchants; being introduced, at the request of his Royal Highness, by the Right Worshipful William Jefferies, Esq. mayor; who had all the honour of kissing their Royal Highnesses hands.

“ As soon as the Prince had got up stairs, the sashes were thrown up, and his Highness was pleased to stand some time at the window, perusing the Freedom of the City, which was presented by the Mayor and Corporation in a beautiful gold box of excellent workmanship.

“ After their Highnesses had refreshed themselves, they were preceded to the Merchants’-hall by a grand band of musick, and the Corporation on foot, bare-headed, in all their formalities. Their Highnesses stood some time at the entrance of the hall, and seemed mightily delighted with the thronging concourse of spectators.

“ The entertainment at the hall was very grand; upwards of 500 ladies and gentlemen were present; and £.5. a piece was offered for tickets.



“After the ball there was a very handsome fire-work in the square, which was played off on a scaffold erected round King William’s statue; and it was carried on in the following manner: Upon giving the signal, 21 guns were fired from three of the sides inclosing the statue. Then from all the four parts of the scaffold rose a great number of rockets, which broke into stars, grenadoes, and gold and silver rain. Then three girandolas, or fire-wheels, were played off. The runners upon lines concluded this first part of the fire-work.

“After a small pause, another signal being given, the 21 guns were fired as before; then a large parcel of rockets from all parts of the scaffold, went up as before, with stars, &c. Then three more girandolas, or fire-wheels, as before; concluding with four runners on lines.

“Then, after a second pause, a third signal was given, when the last part of the fire-work began; first with the 21 guns, then very large rockets from all parts, in a great number, succeeded by three more wheels, and four runners on lines. All this while the figure of the sun appeared upon the top of a pyramid, 20 feet high. Now the whole pyramid began to blaze out in fountains of fire; and the sun threw out its rays in streams of fire also. The conclusion was a great number of fountains of fire, throwing out stars continually; and ending in several mines, which were sprung, and filled the air with a great number of different fire-works, &c.

“ This fire-work was, at the desire of the Mayor and Corporation, undertaken by Dr. Desaguliers, who having but very small notice, and but four days time to prepare it in, was very unwilling to undertake it; but, as the citizens were desirous of such a thing to entertain their Royal Highnesses with, the Doctor was prevailed upon to give them what the time would afford.

“ The signal that was given at each part of the firework was from the Doctor, at a window adjacent to the Prince.

“ The houses in the several streets through which their Highnesses passed were adorned with scarlet, &c.

“ Upon the whole, never were grander doings in this city. And his Royal Highness was so condescending as to bow to the populace as he passed; who in return ushered them along with the loudest acclamations.

“ The shops were shut throughout the city; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the utmost magnificence, decency, and good order.

“ This morning the Prince visited the Hot Wells; and about noon their Royal Highnesses set out on their return to Bath, the Corporation attending them to the city gates in their coaches and formalities.

“ Copy of the Address presented by the Company of Sadlers of the City of Bristol to his Royal

Highness the Prince of Wales, at Bath, which was very graciously received.

“Sir,

“From a grateful sense of the great favours which your Royal Highness has been pleased to confer upon the Sadlers in the City of London, those of the same occupation in the City of Bristol humbly beg leave to congratulate you upon your safe arrival in these parts. They ardently wish, that the waters of the Bath may answer all the intentions that can be desired by your Royal Highness and the Princess your Royal Consort; and that the same kind Providence that has hitherto attended you, may ever continue to be so propitious, that there may never be wanting a royal branch, lineally descended from the illustrious house of Hanover, to adorn the British throne.”

The Duke of York made a public entry over the new bridge in 1761, and remained at Bristol several days; but since that period no part of the royal family have visited the city, to the great disappointment of the majority of the inhabitants.

Fairs are still held, which are probably very beneficial to the town and neighbourhood; and if confined to the sale of great varieties of manufactures brought from Birmingham, Sheffield, Tewksbury, Wolverhampton, London, &c. &c. must undoubtedly be so; but I am afraid there are drawbacks that almost counterbalance the advantages.

That which commences on the first of September, and is termed St. James's, requires great preparations. Those, when completed, exhibit streets of shops filled with cloth, blankets, stockings of wool and cotton, carpets, rugs, linen, every description of hardware, haberdashery, millinery, and trinkets; and even cattle, and vast quantities of leather are sold during this period, and in March at the Temple fair.

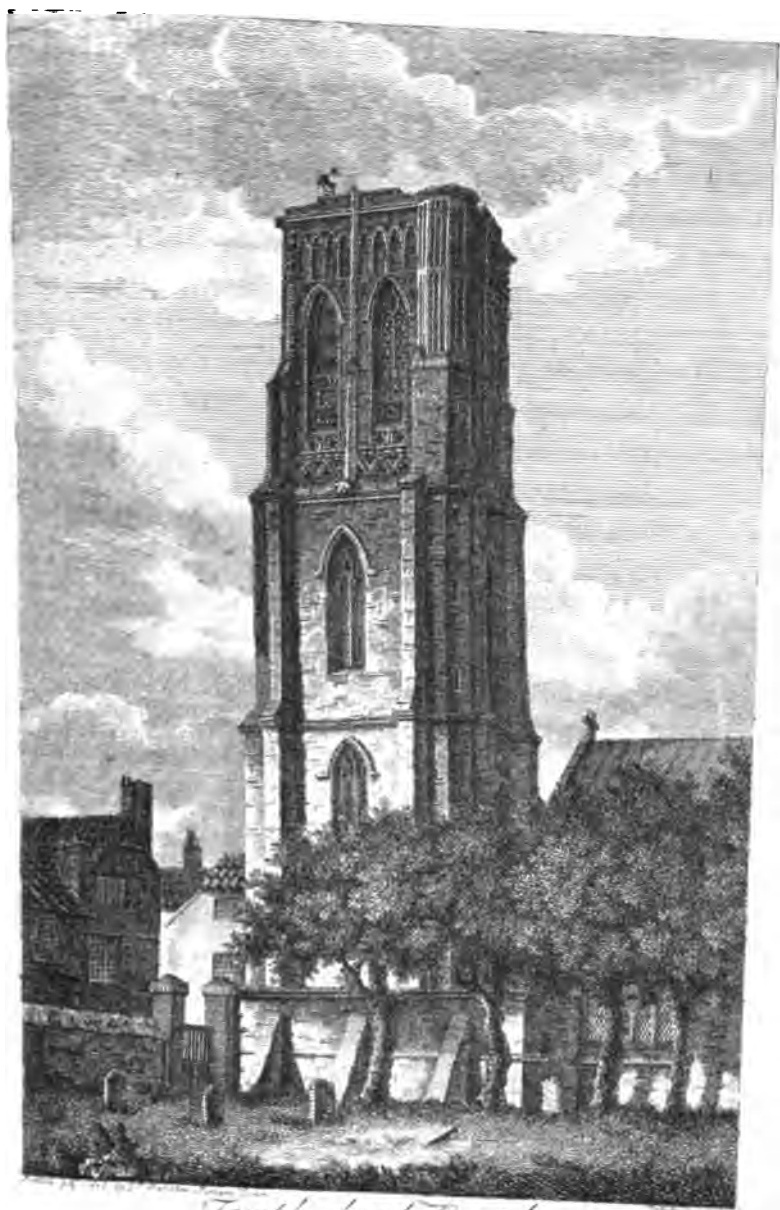
I have often had occasion to observe that improprieties are suffered to exist in full force by bodies politick, of which they appear to be insensible, though a stranger feels shocked at the first glance on them. Such an impropriety occurs annually at Bristol, before the church of St. James, when the church-yard is converted into the site of the fair named from the patron Saint.

The area, of very considerable extent, is situated on the side of a hill; but the lower portion has no appearance of interments; occasioned, as I have been informed, by the possible danger which might ensue from disturbing the remains of persons deposited there who died of the plague. Through this circumstance the bodies of numbers of parishioners are crowded in the upper part, where an incredible assemblage of grave-stones and graves cover the surface.

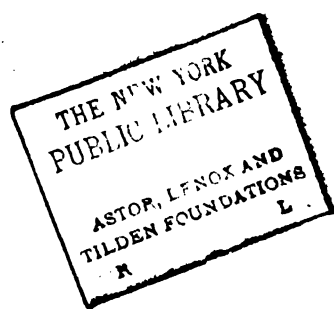
When we reflect on the necessary consequences proceeding from the movements of the multitude who frequent the fair, sufficient cause appears why a cemetery is an improper receptacle of articles for

buying and selling. This, however, may be pronounced a slight objection; but there are others, of great importance, which I shall take the liberty of noticing. Posts or stakes used in erecting the shops cannot be inserted within the church-yard without disturbing the ashes of the dead. It surely must be admitted that those ashes ought not to be disturbed, unless through *unavoidable* necessity. Are there, besides, no arts of trade practised in the disposal of property? and are such to be permitted where a solemn act of consecration has once occurred? To conclude, is the depositary of mortality of so little importance with us, as to make the exhibition of the most contemptible shews, contortions, grimaces, and even obscenity, by the most abandoned wretches of both sexes, a matter of indifference, where the priest performs the last offices of religion daily?

An inhabitant of the square inclosing this area observed to me, that his whole family viewed the approach of September with dismay. "How," said his lady, "shall I express the effects of the scene as it appeared from our windows? Tombs covered with cloths, toys, and gingerbread, children, and servants admiring the follies of a great city, and at the same moment treading upon fragments of the dead, but too often exposed after recent interments; stages supporting puppets, ridiculous yet innocent, intermingled with painted hideous males and females; their drummers, fiddlers, and trumpeters; when the constant roar of sounds was at intervals



*Temple church Bristol*



interrupted by the tolling of the church-bell for a funeral."

After having thus freely expressed my disapprobation of *the site* of the fair of St. James, I feel it incumbent to declare that I mean no censure towards the members of the present Corporation, whose remote predecessors were alone to blame. The populace would by no means have compelled *them* to *appoint* the church-yard for such a purpose; but I am extremely doubtful whether the fair could now be *removed* without their interference, and possibly in a manner that might shake the very vitals of the city. Popular insurrections should be guarded against with the utmost caution, and those reforms avoided which are calculated to excite them. Several instances have occurred in the history of Bristol that fully justify fears on this point; particularly when we remember the vicinity of Kingswood, the affair of incendiary letters, and that of the toll on Bristol bridge.

The church of St. James, originally a priory, and situated on the summit of the hill, has nothing remarkably attractive on the exterior; but the houses and trees on St. Michael's hill, far beyond, have a very good effect grouped with it.

The Temple fair is held in and near Temple-street, on the South side of the Avon; where it must unquestionably greatly impede the communication with the London-road. Temple-street, generally filthy, and badly built, derived its name from the Temple church, on the North-east side; erected,



according to Barrett, by the Knights Templars, on ground presented to them by Robert of Gloucester, in the reign of King Stephen, and dedicated to the Holy Cross.

No part of the original building is now visible; and I should incline to think the architecture belongs to the time of Henry V. or VI. The length is considerable, and the nave contains three aisles, without clerestory windows. The pillars are numerous, the capitals varied; and the windows are generally more ornamented with mullions than those of parish churches.

The North and South walls lean outwards, and the arches of the middle aisle are full two feet farther asunder than the bases of the pillars which support them.

A curious antient lustre of brass is suspended from the ceiling, consisting of a double row of leaves for sockets, which spring from pierced buttresses, inclosing St. Michael slaying the dragon; and on the apex is a figure of the Holy Virgin, with the infant Jesus held beyond her breast.

The inducement to visit Temple church proceeds from the very singular inclination of the tower to the West, evidently occasioned by the insecurity of the marshy earth which supports the foundation on that side. Many arguments might be brought to prove the solidity and general excellence of our venerable ecclesiastical structures, deduced from probable inferences; but the tower now under notice is an indisputable evidence of the skill of antient

artizans, and the durability of their materials, which are so well cemented in this instance as to actually overhang the base, without deranging the continuity of the rich sculpture near the battlements.

The tower of the church of Holy Cross is 25 feet square, about 114 feet high, and deviates *three feet nine inches* from a perpendicular line. There are buttresses at each angle, and a semi-octagon turret, inclosed by those at the South-east. The former reach to the summit, in four gradations, and terminate in finials, and others proceed from grotesque heads on the third cornice, beneath which are pointed windows, in two ranges, with cinquefoil arches, and a quatrefoil above them.

From the cornice just mentioned upwards, the decorations are minute and beautiful, commencing with a range of zigzags, each containing a trefoil, bounded by a string of rosettes. The sills of two windows (similar on the four fronts) have small quatrefoils under them, and the angles of their arches are ornamented with others. Over those are cinquefoil arcades and a cornice. The reader, upon referring to the plate of this interesting subject, will find other appendages, too minute for description, and will perceive the exact appearance of this leaning wonder of Bristol.

Barrett says that Brunius, in his *Theatrum Urbium*, Colog. 1576, mentions the church of Holy Cross as then having a deranged Tower, through the vibration of the bells; who adds, that Abraham Ortelius informed him he had put a stone as large as

the egg of a goose in the fissure between the church and tower, which was broke by the motion thus occasioned.

Several strange traditions and assertions have their origin from the present state of the tower, erected originally in 1390, and rebuilt in 1460, which are worth recording as instances of credulity and ignorance.

One of primitive date asserts that the ringing of the bells caused so violent a concussion in the walls of the church, before the crack appeared, that the oil undulated over the sides of the lamps, and extinguished the flames; but after that event happened they remained unshaken.

A more modern supposition accounts for the motion, by placing the foundation on certain *wool-packs*, the elasticity of which causes the tower to vibrate on ringing of peals.

Others say that the foundation sunk on the West side, when the tower was half completed, with a sudden shock, which threw the scaffolds and men on them to the ground; and that it remained thus twenty years, and was then completed.

To conclude, it is generally believed, that a bason filled with water will be completely emptied by the mere concussion, if placed on the roof during a peal; but that assertion is untrue, as the sexton informed me he had deposited a bason full of water there, and found that the vibration caused but very little to run over the declining side.

The fact, as explained by this inoffensive man,

may be depended on. Had he attempted observations beyond the sight and touch, his authority could have had but little weight with me, subsequent to his directing my attention to several tombs which he said belonged to persons "*be-knighted by Queen Anne and Queen James.*"

A plumber of respectability was employed a few years past in mending the lead on the roof of the tower, when a peal commenced unknown to him. He afterwards declared the tremulation was so dreadful that he should never forget it, though he instantly hurried down.

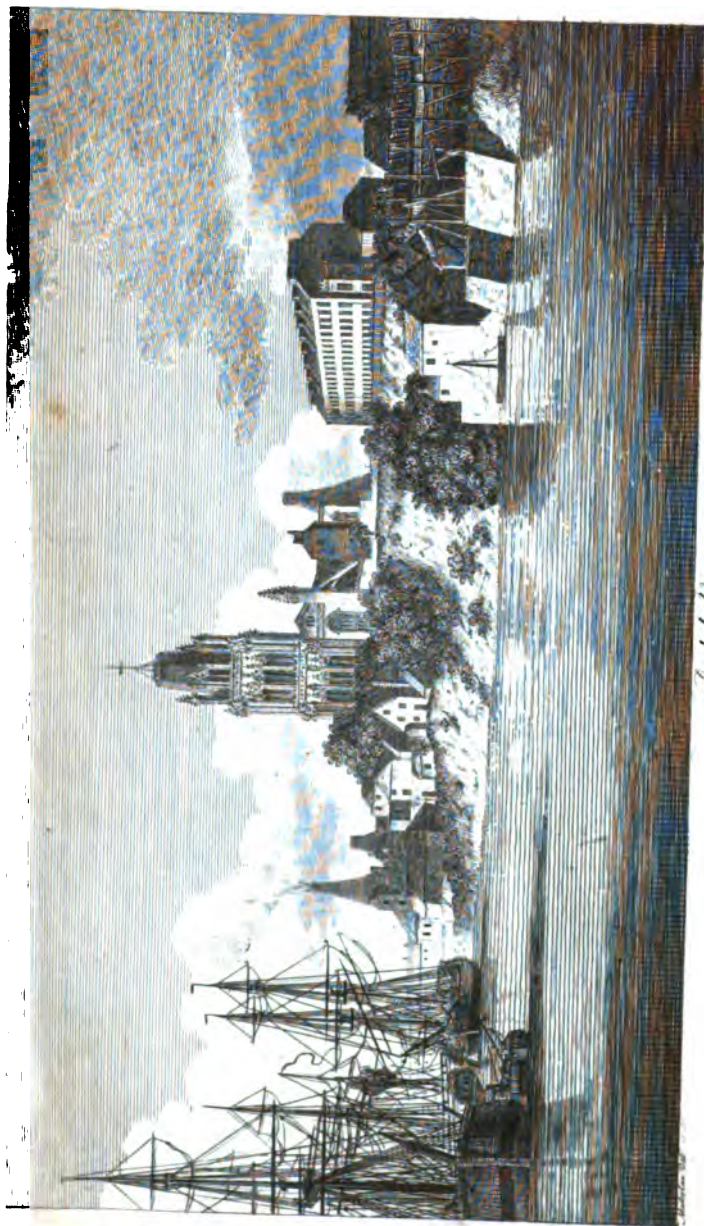
#### ST. MARY REDCLIFF

is situated on the East side of Redcliff-street; principally occupied for large warehouses, and very considerable retail shops, yet dirty, and badly paved. That parsimonious spirit which I have often had occasion to condemn and deplore, operated in full force facing and on the North side of St. Mary's. The street ascends immediately before the West front, where it is extremely narrow, and wretchedly built; and houses project at the North-west angle, which entirely impede a view of the superb porch on that quarter of the church. Had this glorious specimen of antient British art been granted as much ground on the front and North sides as the South faces, the effect of the flight of steps near the tower, on which it appears to be elevated, would have been grand beyond parallel.

Under these disadvantages, there is but one point of view where the general outline of the building can be observed; and, even there all the front of the South aisle, and the Western doors, are obscured by intervening foliage. The reader will perceive by the annexed view, that Camden was right in pronouncing St. Mary's "like a cathedral:" the vast window of the nave, the turret at the angle, the flying buttresses from the South aisle, and the rich tower and mutilated spire, broken by lightning, fully justify his comparison.

A tall square building intercepts the South transept, which is Watts's patent-shot manufactory. This person is said to have been indebted to his wife for the discovery of his manner of casting shot; who often thinking intensely of her husband's conversations on the subject, dreamed that she had made those diminutive globes very perfect, by dropping melted lead from a great height into water. Such, at least, is the story circulated at Bristol: whether it is founded on facts I cannot pretend to decide; but of this I am certain, I have, when a boy, often made *pear-shaped* shot by the same means, though I never held the lead *at a distance* from the receptacle; which, if increased, must doubtlessly render the globular outline more perfect.

The rock and earth ascending from the river, represented in the plate, is the *Red-cliff* whence the South suburb of Bristol derives its name; but I have, for obvious reasons, drawn the view at high-water; which in a great measure conceals the elevation.



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*Sections of Doors on the North  
Side of Reddiffe Church, Bristol*



Near the boat, on the right, is the landing-place of the ferry from the Gibb; whence a romantic flight of steps, cut in the rock, and shaded by foliage, leads to the railed terrace before Redcliff parade, the houses on the summit.

The most delicate and elaborate ornaments on the exterior of St. Mary's church are placed where they are least observed. I would therefore recommend the visitor to enter the North yard; when he will discover several angles, discoloured by smoke from the adjacent glass-houses, adorned with the very *acme* of ecclesiastical sculpture, particularly on two doors faintly sketched on the illustrative plate. The decorations on those are actually isolated, in vines of stone, and fret-work of incredible slightness. Nor will he be less entertained with the grotesque brackets, two of which are represented.

As I have never professed to enter into the history of places and buildings in this work, but merely to detail the effects of first impressions from them on *my* mental tablet, I shall only mention, from Barrett, that Simon de Burton is supposed to have begun the church in 1292, the remnant of which is the North porch; and that Canynges, an opulent merchant, erected the nave, choir, transepts, and Lady chapel (now a school), *circa* 1376; repaired by his grandson, after a storm had destroyed the steeple, and injured the church, in 1445.

The length, including the Lady-chapel, is said to be 239 feet, that of the transept 117; the breadth of the nave and ailes 59, the transepts 44;

and the height of the middle and side ailes 54, and 25 feet.

I had the curiosity to ascend the stair-case in the Western turret, in order, if possible, to discover the manner in which the stones of the vault of the nave were placed ; but was completely disappointed on finding the whole surface next the roof covered with a deep circular bed of cement, evidently intended to carry off any water that might penetrate through the lead above, and thus injure the ribs and intervening arches. Let the modern imitator of the Pointed style *imitate* such, and other precautions, that have preserved our antient buildings for centuries.

The proportions of this beautiful structure are so correct, that it may be justly pronounced one of the finest parish-churches in England ; yet it must be acknowledged, that the workmanship of some of the parts has been exceeded in other instances. There certainly is not that delicacy and minuteness in the pillars and mouldings of the arches which is generally observable in the florid style. The architect formed an admirable plan ; but the masons and sculptors were not uniformly proficient in their respective arts ; and recent white-washings have contributed to enlarge the swells, and close the cavities, in a most provoking manner.

There is a capricious deviation from symmetry at the commencement of the nave, by the introduction of a vast arch, opposed to two smaller ; within which is the belfry, lighted by plain pointed win-

dows. But there is a rich cieling, of filleted tracery, surrounding a circle; and the intersections are covered with fanciful, yet whimsical sculptures, very neatly executed.

A bracket, inserted on the angle of the arch of the North aisle, formed of a head with foliage in the mouth, supports the celebrated rib of the enormous dun cow said to have been killed by Guy earl of Warwick, which is unquestionably a bone, but of what animal I am not naturalist enough to determine; nor shall I *bewilder* myself and the reader by entering into conjectures when and why it was placed in the church.

The first arch of the aisle just mentioned has an angular door, communicating with the North porch, part of the original church. On the sides are arcades and pinnacles; and above an enriched string, and foliated battlements; still higher four cinquefoil arcades; and behind them three ovals; each containing quatrefoils, and trefoil divisions of the aisle windows. Those, however, have a poor effect, caused by the excessive breadth, and their angular mouldings.

The cielings of the ailes, and that of the nave, nearly resemble each other; except that the latter is extremely rich and elaborate. The filletings, with the ribs, forming a great variety of pleasing figures, have their intersections finely decorated.

The nave contains seven arches on the South side, and but six on the North. Those are plain, and the mouldings between them are without capi-

tals; and two small pillars on each side of them contribute to expose this defect. Besides, they are exceedingly clumsy. However, the depths have clusters of pillars.

Between the arches and the bases of the clerestory windows are ranges of arcades; and five mullions are inserted in the former, the arches of which are filled by thirty-two small divisions, trefoiled, and quatrefoils.

The antient porch is a hexagon, with seats, arcades, a string of busts, and foliage, intermixed with figures; and the principal door has an arch, of numerous escalloped mouldings. The piers are pierced between the windows, for passages; and higher are niches, which have contained statues on pedestals, of high relief; but the windows are two-thirds filled by the external ornaments of the porch. The arches have escalloped quatrefoils and trefoils.

The cieling is intersected with great taste, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the sculpture of the intersections. On the West side a door communicates with an apartment described by the attendant as an original confessional; but the circular aperture, supposed to be intended for the penitent, appears modern. Besides, there are two closed arches. I do not, however, pretend to assert the place was not used for the purpose mentioned.

Several steps lead to an arch supported by isolated clusters of pillars; and two large niches adorn the sides. The pedestals to those are monks' heads

attached to the bodies of animals, and the pinnacles rest on others extremely grotesque.

The square passage before the entrance to the nave has a range of arcades, separated by isolated pillars, and a plain cieling of two groins. A door on the left hand opens to the stairs which conduct to the room where Chatterton asserted he found Rowley's manuscripts, forged by himself, and in a manner so decidedly *unlike* those soiled by age, that an antiquary could not possibly be deceived for an instant.

Many of the scraps alluded to have found their way to the British Museum; where they will long remain as mementos of Chatterton's perversion of his supereminent abilities, and of the extreme facility with which extraordinary tales are imposed on the credulity of the publick. "Look," said a gentleman who shewed them to me at the Museum, "and wonder how the most superficial could be deceived by these streaks of bistre, mixed with Indian ink, so decidedly transparent, and washed on old parchment and paper." I gazed, and was astonished.

I detest the cheat, as an otherwise valuable History of Bristol has been polluted by long quotations from Rowley.

The South porch has several rich niches, with canopies and pillars in the angles; which support a cieling of elegant tracery.

There are four great arches at the intersection of the Cross, the pillars and mouldings of which

are delicate; and the vault has a cross of tracery, and angles filled by enrichments. Those of the transepts are very beautiful.

There are side ailes, and six arches in each transept. Between the angles above them and the string are trefoils, and arcades still higher. The clerestory windows of the South are uncommonly pleasing, with each a border of fifteen quatrefoils, inclosing an arch, within which are two escaloped arches, two quatrefoils, and four arched divisions in ovals, all glazed. Tall windows, at the extremities of the transepts, have both three mullions, with quatrefoils and trios of trefoils in the midst. The arch is divided into two parts by the centre mullion, and the intervals contain quatre and trefoils. The lower portions of these windows have paintings of the Virgin and Saints, in dull glass.

The chancel, or choir, consists of five arches. Those and the cieling resemble the nave.

The side ailes are separated from the choir by screens of arcades; and there are three steps at the chancel gate, and four lead to the altar. The vast pile of wood, or altar-piece, is a most disagreeable foil to the slender proportions of the church, and as ponderous as the rest of the building is taper and graceful. This, like all our modern appendages to the East wall, is of Grecian architecture, with the usual pillars, pediments, &c. But the greatest misfortune attending the sacred spot, is the eclipse of the fine East window, by Hogarth's painting of the Ascension; in which, to use the

attendant's words, "the *white* men are angels, and the *red* man one of the Saints;" accompanied by two others on the side walls, representing the High Priest sealing the stone, and the women informed of the Ascension. Below them is a smaller picture of the raising of the widow's child, by Tresham; presented to the church by Sir Clifton Wintringham, bart. the artist's uncle.

I shall mention but two of the numerous monuments, in order to avoid prolixity. That of William Canynges is an altar-tomb, under a canopy, and situated at the base of the wall of the South end of the South transept. The sketch of his life and property, given in the inscription, cannot fail of interesting the Reader\*.

"Mr. William Canings, the richest merchant of the town of Bristow; afterwards chosen five times mayor of the said town, for the good of the commonwealth of the same. He was in order of priesthood seven years, and afterwards Dean of Westbury, and died the 7th of November, 1474. Which said William did build, within the said town of Westbury, a college (with his canons); and the said William did maintain, by space of eight years, 800 handycrafts-men, besides carpenters and masons every day 100 men.

"Besides, King Edward the Fourth had of the said William 3000 marks for his peace, to be had

\* It may not be amiss to refer the reader in this part of the work to Mr. Britton's recently published beautiful graphic illustrations of Redcliff church.



in 2470 tons of shipping. These are the names of his shipping, with their burthens :

The Mary Canings	- -	400 tons
The Mary Redcliff	- -	500
The Mary and John	- -	900
The Galiot	- - - -	150
The Catharine	- - -	140
The Mary Batt	- - -	220
The Little Nicholas	- -	140
The Margaret	- - - -	200
The Catharine Boston	-	22
A ship in Ireland	- - -	100

“ No age nor time can wear out well-won fame ;  
 The stones themselves a stately work doth shew ;  
 From senseless grave we ground may men's good name ;  
 And noble minds by ventrous deeds we know.  
 A lantern clear sets forth a candle light,  
 A worthy act declares a worthy wight.  
 The buildings rare, that here you may behold  
 To shrine his bones, deserves a tomb of gold ;  
 The famous fabrick, that he here hath done,  
 Shines in its sphere as glorious as the Sun.  
 What needs more words ? the future world he sought,  
 And set the pomp and pride of this at nought ;  
 Heaven was his aim, let Heaven be still his station,  
 That leaves such work for other's imitation.”

The second in importance is thus inscribed :

“ Sir William Penn, knight, born at Bristol, in 1621, of the Penns of Penn's-lodge, in the county of Wilts. He was made a captain at 21 ; rear-admiral of Ireland at 23 ; vice-admiral of England at 31 ; and general, in the first Dutch war, at 32.

Whence returning, in 1655, he was chosen a parliament-man for Weymouth; 1660 was made commissioner of the admiralty and navy, governor of the forts and town of Kingsale, vice-admiral of Munster, and a member of that provincial council; and in 1664 was chosen great captain-commander, under his Royal Highness, in that signal and most evidently successful fight against the Dutch fleet.

“ Thus he took leave of the sea, his old element; but continued his other employs till 1669; when, through bodily infirmities, contracted through the care and fatigue of public affairs, he withdrew, prepared and made for his end; and, with a gentle and even gale, in much peace, arrived and anchored in his last and best port, at Wanstead, in the county of Essex, 16 September, 1670, being then but 49 years of age and four months. To whose name and merit his surviving lady erected this remembrance.”

The brave exploits of Admiral Penn procured him a grant from Charles II. of a tract of country in North America, now Pennsylvania.

Bristol contains several excellent churches besides those already mentioned; but it cannot be expected that I should notice each, or the numerous neat chapels and meetings of the Dissenters. The disciples of Wesley seem to have a prescriptive right to Bristol and the vicinity. Indeed, the memory of that teacher of Methodism deserves real gratitude from the present citizens, and the inhabitants of Kingswood. To him they are indebted

for the peaceable possession of their property, and the amelioration of the savage manners of the colliers who work the coal-mines Eastward of the City.

As those mines have been thus introduced, I cannot resist transcribing the ensuing narrative from the Whitehall Evening Post of November 22, 1735, which, if true, is most extraordinary.

“ *Bristol, Nov. 22.* Among the many and various accounts that have been given us of accidents happening to mankind, nothing has occurred more particular, for many years, than the following surprising relation of three men and a boy, who were ten days and nineteen hours in a dark cavern of the earth, 39 fathom deep, besides the danger that otherwise attended them, of drowning, or falling from the heights of the mine, the very coal-work itself being 16 fathom deep.

“ The persons whom we relate this of are, *viz.* Joseph Smith, aged upwards of 60; Edward Peacock, Abraham Peacock, his son; all of the parish of Beeton; and Thomas Hemins, of Mangotsfield: all coal-miners.

“ On Friday the 7th instant, as they were wedging out the coal, in an old mine, near Two-mile Hill, in King’s Wood (rented by lease of Thomas Chester, esq. by Joseph Jefferies, Edward Wilmot, and Thomas Nash), on a sudden, a prodigious torrent of water bursted out of the vein, that all of them were nigh immediate death, not knowing whither to escape for want of their lights, which were all extinguished by the water,

each shifting for himself. Such was their consternation, that, go which way they would, danger was near them of drowning or breaking their necks, the work being very large. In this distress they crawled, sometimes on their hands and knees, from place to place, to avoid the water, and getting on a rising ground, they continued there some time; when proceeding farther, they at length came to what they call in the mines a *hatchin*, a high slant from whence coal had been dug, and in which the boy had secured himself, who made lamentable moan, and gave himself up for death. The three men came together by calling to each other. In their way to this hatchin, Joseph Peacock found a bit of beef, and a crust of bread, weighing, as they supposed, in all, about four ounces, which they equally divided. The boy's situation being the most secure, they continued there to the time of their relief, and made the boy fetch them water in his hat, as best knowing the way, which was but a little by the time he returned with it, the water shrinking considerably; and it became so dangerous to have a supply, that the boy could not be prevailed upon to fetch any more, which forced them to the necessity of drinking their own urine, and to chew some chips, which Joseph Smith had cut from a coal-basket he accidentally found, which being all gone, and the old man losing his knife, they could get no more from the basket. Being all ready to perish for want, Joseph Smith chewed a piece of his shoe,

which not answering his end, he took a resolution of endeavouring to come at the water, in which he tumbled twice, and would have been drowned each time, had not Edward Peacock saved him. What with the heat of the place they were in, the nauseous fumes of their own bodies, their want of water, meat, &c. during so long a time, it cannot be looked upon otherwise than a miracle their being alive. One would think it impossible four persons should sustain life after so long a hardship, and with only the small portion of four ounces of meat and bread.

“ Towards the close of their deplorable misery, which was till Monday, the 17th instant, when they were taken out of their dismal cell, the old man, Joseph Smith, began to yield to nature, and grew delirious; and indeed all the rest gave over all hopes of relief, and began to decline too by weakness.

“ At the first bursting of the vein, there were four other boys in the mine, but being at what they call the tip of the work, and hearing the noise of the water, made the best of their way to the rope, crying to the people on the surface to pull them up; which was not so speedy but the water was at the last boy's heels; who, as the others were hauling up, caught hold of one of his companion's feet, and all got safe to the top.

“ This being noised in the neighbouring hamlets, great numbers of people resorted daily to the pit, and divers colliers ventured down at different

times, in order to relieve their unfortunate brethren; but perceiving a black damp in the work, which they reckon the more dangerous, as admitting of no lighted candles, were as often obliged to return, till Providence had ordered others to a more successful attempt, *viz.* Sampson Phips, Thomas Somers, Moses Reynolds, and Thomas Smith, son to old Joseph Smith, who prudently carrying down a parcel of coals on fire, so draughted the damp, that they got to their miserable brethren, except one Thomas Bolison, who was all the time missing, and supposed to be drowned.

“ When they were hauled up to the open air, their sight entirely failed them for some time, and they were all very weak and feeble; but, after having some comfortable refreshment, they all walked to their homes, to the great surprize of the people present. Being told the long time of their calamity, they were under a consternation, not thinking it had been but about five or six days. The morning of their never-to-be-forgotten preservation, Thomas Smith, son to old Joseph Smith, intended to bespeak a coffin for his father, and his mother had made preparations for his funeral.

“ *P.S.* We formerly mentioned the above persons to be drowned in a coal-work at Timsbury; but the account now given was taken from Joseph Smith's son, who was one of the last persons that went down to their relief, and from their own mouths.”

The Reader has now received a general description of Bristol, which will enable him in a great measure to appreciate its advantages and defects; I shall therefore conclude my notices of it with an extract from a manuscript, numbered 4206 in Ayscough's catalogue of additional articles, preserved in the British Museum.

“ There is no mention made of this town in the Saxon Chronicles. Aylward, earl of Gloucester, in the time of King Athelstan, was the principal founder thereof. From which time the earls of Gloucester continued lords of Bristowe, until it was incorporated.

“ William earl of Gloucester founded and annexed Redcliff to Bristowe.

“ Robert Fitz Parnel, earl of Gloucester, built at Bristowe the priory of St. James, which was made a member or college of the Abbey of Tewkesbury.

“ The castle of Bristowe also was built by the Earl of Gloucester, and hath been of reputation ever sithence the time of King Stephen, against whom Robert earl of Gloucester held it, when other nobles offended with the prince held others.

“ Also King Henry II. and Robert Fitzharding were the first founders of St. Augustine's church, of Bristowe; which, by King Henry VIII. was made to be a cathedral church; and the borough of Bristowe was then made to be a city.”

## EXCURSION TO DUNDRY.

I crossed the Avon at the Gibb, at low water, and observed that the boat was pushed with a pole applied to the bottom of the river. The stream did not then appear to be more than four times the boat's length in breadth; and a large ship, the *Mermaid* of New York, lay at a wharf, with her stern towards Redcliff, full seven feet deep in the soft mud, by which the vessel was supported erect, as if water-borne, ten feet *above the water*.

An unpleasant lane leads from the ferry to the verge of the new canal. As I passed this, a labourer advanced, and requested that I would return, as a person had at that instant fired the train of a *hall* of gunpowder, by means of which the workmen loosen the otherwise immoveable rocks of the site. In an instant the explosion occurred, and I saw a thousand splinters of various sizes hurled into the air, that as instantaneously fell, in a dangerous shower, in a circle probably 400 feet in diameter.

The shock had not only rifted the rock immediately surrounding the powder, but immense fragments were removed from their beds, where wedges were driven into them, and they are thus reduced small enough to be raised with cranes by four men, into the carts which are conveyed up the sides of the banks on stages, by the operation of steam-



engines erected on the verge of the canal, that turn several wheels, and those two others, with chains of vast length and strength round them, which by their revolutions lower, empty, and raise the filled carts attached to the chains.

The variety of strata in the canal between the Bath road and Rownham meads are highly interesting. Part consists of fine sand, almost as bright as vermilion, others of a chocolate-coloured rock, connected in some instances with a buff-coloured. It is the latter which cannot be broken without the use of gunpowder, or infinite labour, by wedges. And there is, besides, a lead-coloured clay, and some gravel.

The excavation made through the rocks, though attended with great difficulty, has saved the proprietors a very considerable sum, as the stone was immediately used for the walls of the canal; and indeed this rock, cut perpendicular, serves as a wall for at least one quarter of a mile. The sand is admirably calculated for mixing mortar; and the company had merely to burn their lime, which they were preparing to do on the spot when I saw the works.

A temporary bridge, erected with the stone and intended mortar, crossed the canal at that time; but the fierce red of the sand in the latter ruined the appearance of the work. Iron bridges are, however, to be exclusively preferred.

An indifferent suburb, termed Bedminster, closely but meanly built, extends a considerable distance

on each side of the Bridgewater road. Numbers of one-horse carts, and lasses seated on horseback, between large baskets, were returning from market; and a recruiting-party proceeded nearly at my pace, with fifteen lads whom they escorted, with the honours of war, to the branching of the road, two miles and a half from Bristol; where they were committed to the care of three soldiers; and the martial music, with the *fine* gentlemen bedecked with ribands, returned to the city to ensnare others.

The drums and fifes roused the inhabitants of Bedminster, and brought them to their doors.

Three labourers balanced themselves on a stile.

"Ay," said one, "go to slaughter, like the brutes in Smithfield. God keep I, and all my family, from that?"

I readily perceived that the senses of the recruits were disordered by excessive drinking. Their countenances indicated wildness, and their actions were frantic. They threw heavy stones at each other, accompanied by curses and peals of laughter; and one of them possessing a little dog, they set him barking at a flock of sheep that grazed on the Downs. When the animals fled, and sprung from eminence to eminence, a shout occurred that equalled the yell of a chase. The embryo soldiers joined in the pursuit, to the terror of their guards, who eagerly followed them, justly fearful of an escape.

One touch from the pencil of Nature illustrated this brutal picture. A serjeant stationed himself on the road side, and the recruits passed him. At

the moment of separation they offered him their hands to a man; and each with silence and earnestness shook his, while their features individually exclaimed—Farewell.

The motions of the serjeant reminded me of the ridiculous custom of taking hands, and violently disengaging them, when two exasperated men are about *to fight*—but, a recruiting-officer ought not to possess humane feelings.

This elevated spot commands a most extensive compass of country, the mid-distance of which is the vale of Bristol and St. Vincent's rocks\*. The city, enriched by various spires, and the tower of the cathedral, spreads at the base of the Western hills, and is seen in long white lines of handsome houses on their sides, almost overhanging the immense cliffs above the Hot Wells. The eye, descending those stupendous walls, meets glances of the Avon, bounded on the South by a beautiful hanging wood, which renders that bank of the river most picturesque. Hence, to the left, the sameness of the verdure is agreeably broken by clumps of trees, and several white mansions are half obscured by their shades.

The natives of Bristol observe, that when Dundry tower is enveloped in mist, there will probably be much bad weather. I have seen clouds involve it, and glide along below the base of the church. When I visited the village, a violent South wind, howled amongst the branches of the trees, and the

\* See the plate annexed.



St. Vincent's Rocks

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fleeces of vapour rushed, like white smoke, not an hundred feet above the pinnacles. This circumstance prevented the pleasure I had promised myself in ascending to the battlements of the tower, and thence viewing Bristol, four miles and an half distant, Bristol Channel, the Severn, Wales, Gloucester, the Malvern-hills, Bath, the White Horse in Wiltshire, at the distance of 35 miles, &c. &c.

Heavy clouds cast their dusky shadows over the mountains of Wales; the Severn sparkled in a bright line; and to the South-east and North-east streams of rain fell in torrents; the wind whistled through the pierced-work of the tower; and I descended, vexed, and chilled with the rarified air.

Dundry is situated on a range of hills, or indeed one vast hill, which may be said to commence at Bedminster; and, though an inconsiderable village, has been honoured with a most magnificent tower, appended to a most insignificant church. The former, erected in the reign of Edward IV. is a land-mark for an amazing extent, and seems to have almost been intended as such by the founder or founders, rather than as necessary to so contemptible a structure as that which shrinks beneath it.

A turret covers the North-east angle, and buttresses of eight gradations support the three others. Four horizontal strings separate the height into four stories, each of which contain pointed windows, with neat mullions. The upper string, or cornice, has projecting grotesque heads of animals on every angle but the North-east, and one over each win-

dow to the cardinal points. The former support beautiful pierced flying buttresses to the four lanterns, or pierced turrets, and the latter octagon columns embattled; but the print will illustrate this rich masonry better than any description possibly can.

#### KINGSWESTON.

The road to the above place, and beyond it, is very pleasant; but, previous to the commencement of Durdham Downs, opulence has exerted her utmost means in *securing* her domains from depredation, and the operations of human vision. Those means are doubtless fully adequate; and yet they demonstrate, that opulence prefers *security* to taste, and even convenience; for her stone walls inclose the road, and confine the sun-beams and dust to a most pernicious degree.

Several houses have been erected on the Eastern extremity of the Downs; and a handsome terrace, the lamps before which are secured from injury by a netting, or cage of wire, a common practice in and near Bristol.

The Downs are covered with short grass, and very near level. Many sheep graze there; and I observed two waggons, crossing it, drawn by six oxen each. An avenue of elms shades the road, and opens on the brow of a hill at the Western termination; where a neat mansion, buried in firs and laurel, faces an extensive park. The opening

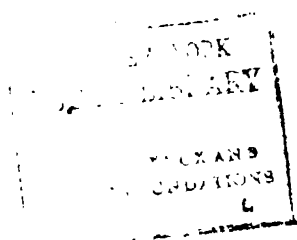


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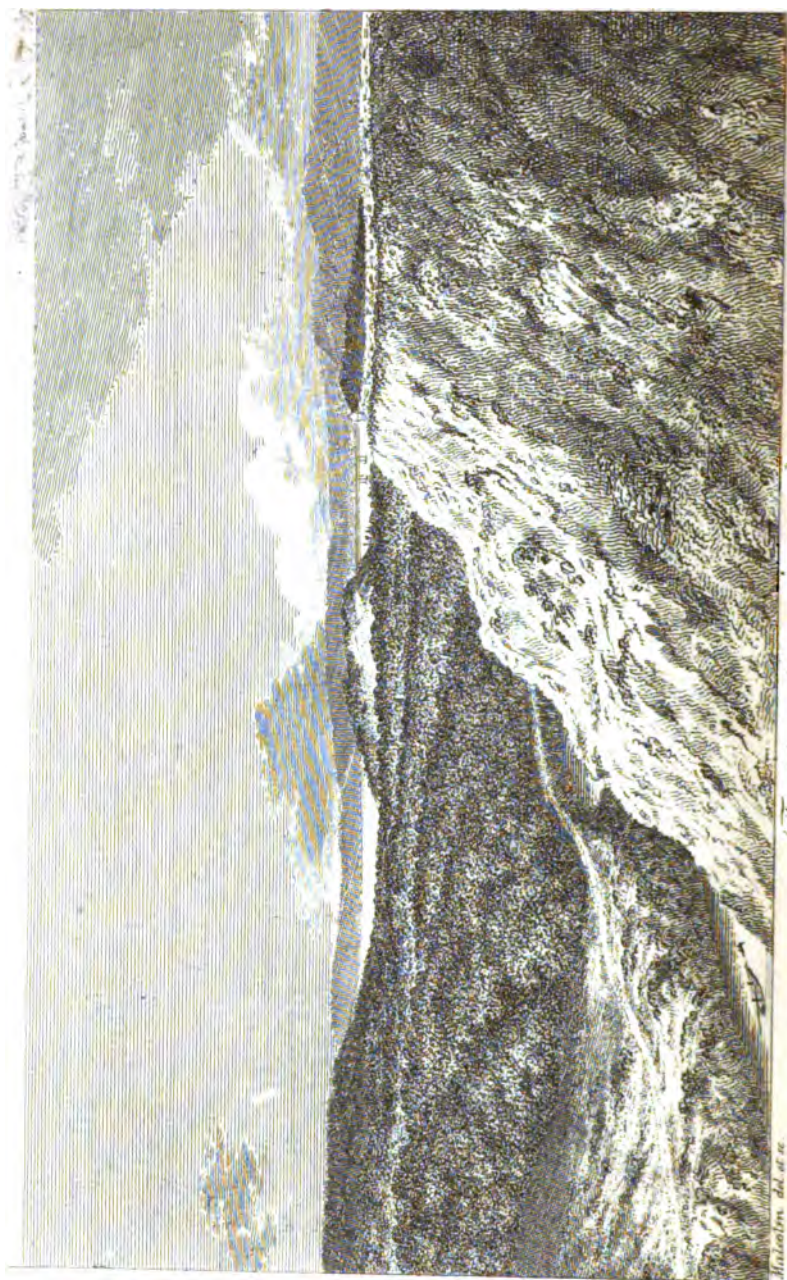




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*The Snow, Storm, and Snow.*

*Engraving del. et sc.*

of the road admits the eye to a beautiful level of verdure, broken by groupings of distant trees; beyond them flows the Severn; and the mountains of Wales are seen in the distance.

The view here given is taken from Durdham Downs, on the precipice which forms the Northern boundary of the Avon, near Bristol. Part of that confined river is seen in front, beyond which is the variegated country between the spectator and the Severn, seen crossing the print at the distance of more than eight miles. The Severn, at the New passage, in the same direction, is three miles broad at high water. The mountains which form the horizon are parts of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire.

When on this part of my way I met a novel exhibition *trotting on the path*. This, gentle Reader, was two *John Bottoms*, bearing burthens far more important than usually fall to the share of those enduring and patient animals. The foremost had a neat saddle, on which sat (not a *sweep*, with legs dragging on the earth, or rude and ragged brute, kicking and beating as we see them with indignation in London), but an elegant young lady, clad in black silk, with a white beaver bonnet, and laced veil, bearing a parasol of green silk, which shaded her fair features from the rays of Sol in his meridian glory. Her brother *followed*, as the path admitted but one *ass* abreast.

I have mentioned the *novelty of the sight*; but let me be understood merely to mean I never

before *saw a lady* on an ass. I should be shocked were I for a moment supposed *ignorant* of this important trait in the manners of the day, through the medium of our diurnal details of the progress of folly and dissipation.

As an admirer of antiquity, permit me to examine how Queen Elizabeth would have treated a cavalcade of her female subjects had she met them thus mounted — Elizabeth, who appeared in the front of her army, and *swore* she would punish the coward, conquer the enemy, or perish sword in hand. The “first impressions” must have been insufferably acute on her imperial mind. The dignity of her sex, the honour of her crown, demanded that she should immediately — *box their ears*; and, my life on it, such would have been the first impulses of her resentment.

Our improvements in the mode of governing have rendered *absolute* monarchs unnecessary. The virtuous and the sedate now follow *the example* of the Sovereign and their families; and the reigning house of Brunswick must be allowed, in three successions, to have afforded the most amiable for public and private life.

The Monarch, and his illustrious relatives, need not now — *box* or imprison their erring subjects; the smile of derision, from those who commit no follies, cuts deeper than the lash on slumbering reflection; and they who are not to be recovered by that smile are not worth serious correction.

Caricaturists and the Stage flagellate those who

cannot be noticed from the Pulpit. Even Astley's exhibition of the dowager on ass-back, attended by her gigantic footman, must have had some effect; and severe falls may perhaps cure the mania of *ass-racing*.

The populace have prevented this new mode of taking the air near London. John Bull's family has that general sense of decorum, that they would hunt the riders, and restore poor Donkey to brick-dust bags, soot, carrots, turnips, potatoes, and apples; and to riders who always consider the vertebrae and ribs of those animals too weak for the support of an adult, and therefore ever mount him without a saddle, and *sit on the hams*.

On the right side of the road, two miles from Bristol, there is an antient and singular mansion, worth describing, which consists of a centre turret, with a balustrade, like those on Hatfield-house; and a door of the Corinthian order, most extravagantly ornamented. The wings are surmounted by the same number of domes, and each has three arched gables, with intervening battlements, and three ranges of windows. This I believe to be Stoke-Bishop, once the residence of Sir Henry Lippincot, bart.

The descent near it glances on a valley at the base of Kingsweston-hill; which, with the foliage of the foreground, is extremely beautiful.

At some distance from the hill just mentioned I was overtaken by a venerable Turk, whose scattered grey hairs were partly concealed on the neck by his

turban. He wore a blue cloth vest, with a red collar and cuffs, and round his waist an embroidered apron of the order of Freemasons.

A chaise, containing two young ladies, had previously passed us; but soon after stopped. When the Turk arrived within hearing, the driver said, "Master, the lady wants you." The old man proceeded to the door, with his turban in his right hand. The fair female within the chaise dropped money into it: the lad spurred his horses, and the donor and receiver were instantly, and perhaps for ever, separated.

Why should the novelist seek for *strained* scenes of philanthropy in the exhausted receptacles of his own brain? Have we not touches of exquisite delicacy and benevolence daily before us? We generally need only observe, and record. The blooming Briton beheld an oppressed, aged, and weary stranger, labouring through the dust, burnt by the midsummer and mid-day Sun. An appeal from the Divinity, directed to the heart, whispered, "Should I not sink under these circumstances, without relief, were I in Turkey?" The truth was indisputable, and the hand executed the dictates of compassion. Who can doubt but that every prospect brightened around the inmates of this chaise from that instant?

An example so forcible was instantly imitated by me, a poor copyist. When I inquired of the Turk whether he understood the language, he replied in the affirmative, in tolerable English; and

I thought his accent very like that of a Frenchman.

"Are you a Mussulman?" "Yes." "Have you visited Mecca?" "No."

"I am de Freemason, and come from Constantinople; a merchant. I have met with very great loss. I am cast away upon de coast of Norway, and loose every ting: much above 1200 guinea. I come, I travel, I go to my country!"

"Have you been in London?"

"Yes."

"Well, how do you like that city?"

"Ah! London very good town, but no good like Constantinople. There de poor man live cheap: here my breakfast cost one shilling sixpence, my din—two, tre. At Constantinople fowl six-pence, meat two pence, butter two pence. It is war ruin England."

I could not but observe, after I had separated from the Turk, who was proceeding to Wales, that his mind was most disagreeably tainted with *national prejudice*; and I confess that circumstance led me to doubt, whether he was not a mere itinerant pedlar, rather than a merchant of Turkey; and yet his manners and appearance were dignified beyond those of persons of inferior station.

Kingsweston-hill is the segment of a large circle, extending nearly North and South, parallel with the Severn. The surface, from East to West, is almost angular, and covered by short grass, nibbled with avidity by numerous sheep. Kingsweston Inn, to which parties continually resort to enjoy the



prospect, and where the citizens of Bristol relax on Sunday evenings over a dish of tea, is pleasantly situated, at the Southern extremity of the hill ; and the ruins of a windmill, in the centre, serve to point out the greatest elevation. At the North verge a cloud of white smoke announces a lime-kiln ; erected under the almost perpendicular, verdant, and smooth, descent, which forms the South side of a valley exceedingly wild and romantic, beneath Blaize Castle. This valley, proceeding North and West, forms an angle, on which the structure just mentioned is situated.

The characteristics of the Northern vale consist of a hanging wood, interspersed with crags. Those of the Western are a precipice of grass, opposed to another of rocks, shaded by small trees. Those rocks are the foundation of the triangular building erected by Thomas Farr, esq. mayor of Bristol in 1775, on or near the site of a chapel dedicated to St. Blasius, which is a tolerable imitation of a citadel, with towers on the angles.

The Eastern half of the circular view from Kingsweston-hill is very extensive and beautiful ; and yet the objects are such as are to be met with in an hundred instances ; but the Western has a foreground of superior attractions, though level. The park of Lord de Clifford, and the upper part of his mansion, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, lay at the base, to the left, with the mouth of the Avon, the Eastern banks of the Severn, Portbury, and, to the right, the whole extent of Wales. The mountains

of Wales are the most sublime termination of the view imaginable, on the Western horizon ; a soft blue tint, approaching to purple, clothes the summits, and their outlines vanish almost imperceptibly into the thin air ; the sides are faintly marked by ravines, and lesser hills intervene. As the eye approaches the Severn, objects become more defined, yet not sufficiently so to ascertain what they are. The river, about three miles in width at the Aust passage, flows North and South, separating the kingdom and principality. The Aust passage is remarkable for an historical fact. King Edward the Elder summoned Leoline prince of Wales to cross the river to confer with him ; the Prince refused ; upon which the Monarch went to him ; when the Prince exclaimed, “ Most wise King, your humility has conquered my pride, and your wisdom triumphed over my folly.”—Two fine hills intercept part of the English shore ; but the various vessels at anchor and under sail animate the scene for a very considerable distance.

## COOK'S FOLLY.

It has long been the stupid practice of the vulgar to stigmatize every attempt to depart from the mere *ploddings* of life. When an opulent landholder observes that he possesses an elevated situation, commanding an extensive view, he dare not erect a tower, or other edifice, to improve those advan-

tages, without risking obloquy, and the certainty of having his name attached to a word which sounds extremely disagreeable. Thus, a Mr. Cook, desirous of tracing the beauties of Nature from an erection on the North bank of the Avon, has had his disgraced by the multitude, who term his imitation of an antient tower "Cook's *folly*." Nay, they even dishonour the memory of that gentleman by the following ridiculous story.

Esquire Cook fancied that he should die by the sting of an adder: to avoid which cruel death, he determined to elevate himself as far as possible from his native earth. But mark the facility of tradition. Cook burnt wood instead of coal; and the sagacious reptile, finding this fact in its favour, concealed itself in a bundle of faggots; and at a proper opportunity effected the destruction of the victim.

A singular chasm, or gulley, occurs on the Downs near the tower alluded to, which commences in a gentle declination of the soil where covered with grass; whence it becomes rugged, and scattered with crags; and, finally, millions of fragments of stone lay heaped together, resembling those broken for mending roads; but the rocks above are in large masses, and form striking contrasts to the shivered piles on both sides of the ravine; which ends in an acute angle, clogged by thorn-bushes washed down by rains, and walled by stupendous rocks.

From the levels intended as towing-paths, on each side the Avon, the precipices are very abrupt; but

from those down to the water the banks are disagreeable shelves of mud.

The mountain almost opposite to the Hot Well is transcendently beautiful. The crags of rock resemble ruins, and every fissure affords an asylum for vegetation, which springs vigorously from them, and shades the surfaces, covered with mosses of the richest tints. In many places the soil is so thin, that the sapling inclines with its own weight. In those instances their leaves are of a light green; and the wind bows them over the darker shades of more healthful foliage, with infinite effect. The hanging wood on the side consists of many species of trees. The firs are very fine; and the blossom of the thorn relieves, with wonderful beauty, from the velvet-like appearance of the grass and moss beneath them.

St. Vincent's rocks, with one exception, are no longer the sublime and frowning fronts formed by the convulsion that originally split them asunder. Restless man has even dared the terrors of these precipices, and we see him perched an hundred and fifty feet from the base on terraces of horrible danger, where he stands and sports with desperation, amidst the ruin he is daily increasing. Consequently, the face of one portion of these rocks represents a true picture of supernatural convulsion, in masses of stone projected from the parent stock, which hang in frightful positions, supported by mere angles, that are loosened with incredible

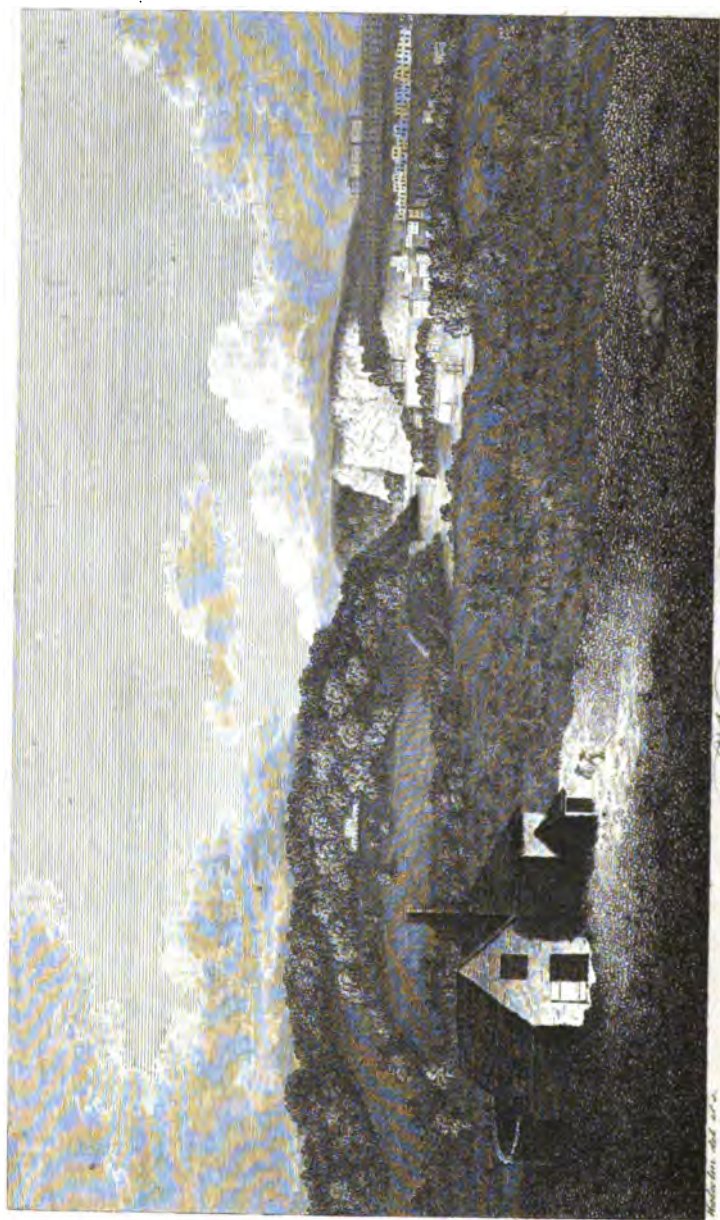
hazard, when they plunge through the air to the bottom.

The old man who rents the rocks, and converts them to fragments for burning into lime, has worked and superintended forty-five years. His principal inducement and emolument, however, appears to arise from the spar and Bristol stones discovered after every explosion in the fissures of the rock; whence he always cautiously conveys them himself, in order to sell each for decorating grottos, and furnishing naturalists with curiosities.

I ascended the side, about 80 feet, by a rope, to the terrace, where the operation of preparing a chamber for a blast was performing. A level of about four feet in breadth enabled the men to proceed with their labours. One is seated on the rock, and holds a huge chisel, three or four inches in diameter, and about three feet six inches in length, wrapped with hay, in order to prevent the disagreeable jarring of the hand, through an unsteady blow, perpendicular on the rock. Another man strikes it with a large sledge-hammer, fitted to a very short handle. By this means, and turning the chissel at every stroke, a cylindrical excavation, three feet in depth, is accomplished, in about three days. A certain quantity of gunpowder is then introduced; which they ram very tight; and the surface is closed with clay, as compact as possible, except where the communication with the train is preserved. When that is fired, the whole mass of rock trembles, and hollow echoes rebound

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*St. Vincent's Rocks*

*Photograph taken 1890.*

from surface to surface; the solid bed of stone is convulsed, and opens; large fragments rush to the bottom; and the neighbourhood rings with thunder.

The shrill sound produced by the hammer and chisel at the vast elevation where chambers are sometimes made, has an effect almost musical, when reflected by echo; and when the labourers are seen reduced by perspective to mere infants, the whole seems almost the effect of enchantment\*.

After I had reached the little level where the men sat at work, I observed to them,

“This is a dangerous employment of yours!”

“Ees, Sir, but we do na mind it.”

“I should suppose you sometimes receive dangerous hurts, if none of you are killed.”

“About four years sin a man were killed.”

“How did the accident happen?”

“Why, sir, a stood, with three others, upon a loose stone, not minding, when it fell, and all four went down together. Three were only a little bruised, but one cut his scull all open. A never spoke, but a was not dead. He died a matter of twelve hour after we had un to the Firmary. But you see that are wall: a father and son were killed under that wall by one stone, by a blast.”

Such are the horrors attending the rifting of St. Vincent's rocks. During the conversation just related, I riveted my eyes on the chisel held by one of the men, justly dreading a glance downwards, when the person unfortunately enquired the time

\* See the Plate.



of day. I involuntarily turned to examine my watch. At that instant my brain whirled, and I recovered my recollection just in time to seize the rope, by which I half slipped, half fell along the projections to *terra firma*, sufficiently alarmed to have made a vow to build a monastery, and dedicate it to my patron Saint ———, had I been a prince of ancient days, or a feudal baron.

The rocks that remain in their original state are of stupendous height, and strongly resemble vast walls crumbling with decay, and tinged with moss. Viewed by twilight, turrets, watch-towers, and loopholes, may be imagined throughout the surface; and, descending, the Avon might be supposed the moat of an immense castle, calculated for the reception of the Titans.

At that silent and serene hour a friend and myself amused ourselves by seeking amongst the piles of fragments for spar and Bristol stones, when we observed a party of five ladies and a gentleman on the opposite shore, who seated themselves beneath a tree, and immediately sung several hymns in parts, and concluded with that of "God save the King." I was astonished at the delightful effect of this vocal musick, reverberated from the rocks above me, and the trees opposite, and sincerely applauded the piety of the performers.

The precipices decline rapidly near the Hot Wells, and the room there closes the passage between it and the Avon. A colonnade extends from the river, and an avenue of young trees have been planted along the banks; but the lodging-rooms

above the former are too near the water; and the exhalations from the shoals of mud, heated by the concentrated beams of the Sun, cannot fail of being prejudicial to the valetudinarian. Besides, the streets and houses between Bristol and the Wells are dirty and badly paved, and the latter meanly inhabited. The hills above are however far otherwise: there invention appears to have been exhausted in contriving fascinating residences; and some adventurous projector has *commenced* a row of houses of the Corinthian order; and his *unfinished memento* is not only exalted on a mountain, but rises proudly from a terrace at least thirty feet in height.

What more can I possibly add of the different Hot Wells and Clifton? The subject is exhausted; nor should I have ventured to notice those celebrated scenes of disease, death, sublimity, pleasantness, and dissipation, had I not remarked there were chasms in the best descriptions of Nature, which might always be filled by the last observer.

## STAPLETON.

The prison at this village is situated on high ground, and has the advantage of an excellent air, and uncommonly beautiful prospects from the upper rows of windows. The road to it from Bristol is very pleasant; but a path along the Froom has superior attractions, and introduces the pedestrian to the most romantic groupes of trees, rocks, and meadows.

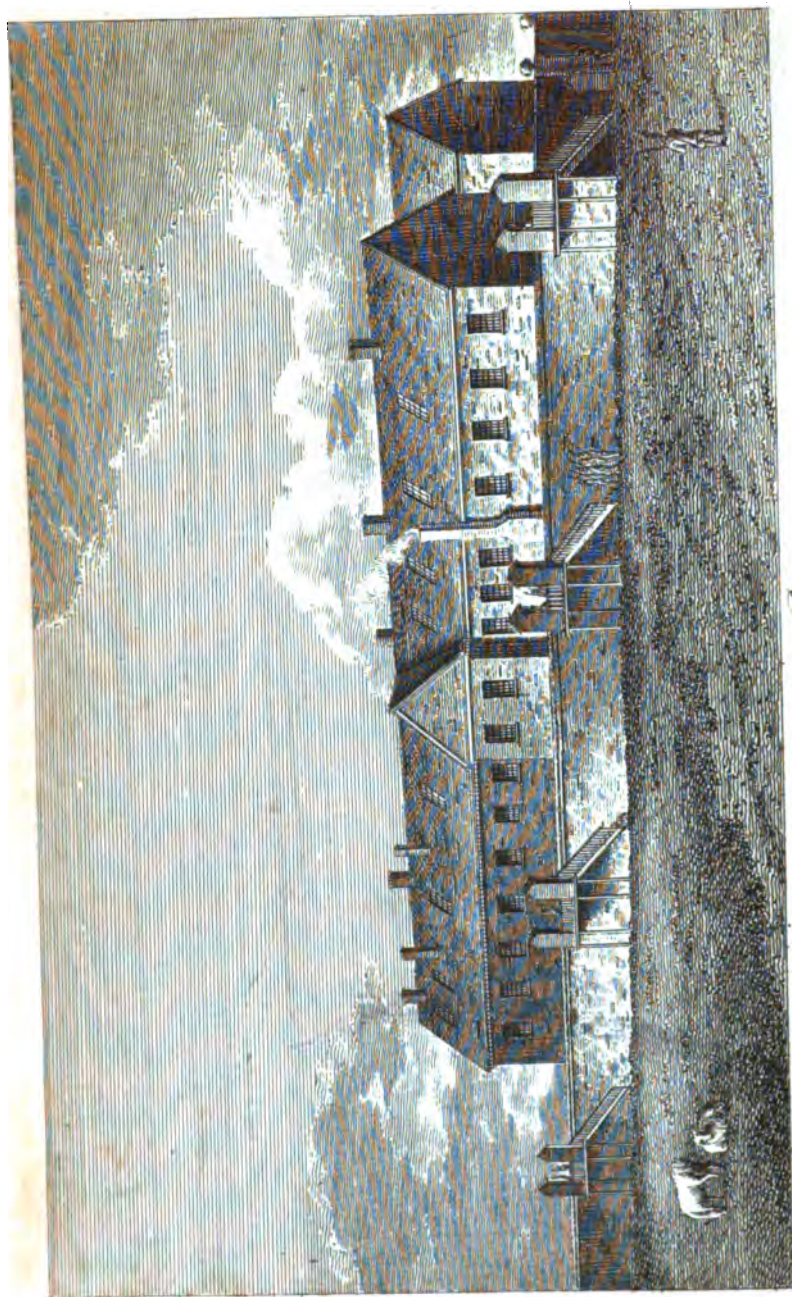
from the mass in loud songs and vehement utterance, very much resembling dissention; which, without doubt, prevails, though we had not an opportunity of ascertaining, as the publick have very judiciously been recently denied admittance. One hundred and seven men and officers were on duty at the guard-house in June 1805; who have pairs of boxes, elevated on platforms, provided with flights of steps, near the top of the wall which incloses the yard of the prison: whence they command the whole range of the area, in case it should be necessary to fire, on an attempt of the prisoners to escape \*.

#### REDLAND,

within a mile of St. Michael's hill, deserves honourable notice for its situation, and the beauty of the Chapel; which is, I think, without exception, one of the best specimens of Grecian architecture in the kingdom. The ichnography is a parallelogram, with an Ionic front, of four pilasters, an entablature, pediment, rustic angles, and a door and niche in the centre intercolumniation. Immediately over the pediment is a cupola of uncommon elegance, composed of a basement, on the angles of which are pedestals and enriched vases, inclosing circular windows. From the pedestals upward the outline becomes an octagon, with brackets to an entablature; whence a fluted dome terminates in a ball and cross †.

\* See the Plate.

† See the Plate.



Shapton Prison.

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*Redland Chapel.*

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## BATH.

The leap from Clifton to Bath is perfectly natural. Indeed, the former is but a cabinet picture copied from the latter; and the miniature movements of the Master of the Lilliputian ceremonies swelled to those of the Brobdignags. With the amusements of the vigorous and healthful I do not mean to intermeddle, and it would be cruel to examine whether they interfere with the recovery of the disordered and miserable. When fever and the plague carry desolation and death in their train through a populous city, the survivors fly with dismay from the victims, and the offices of humanity are neglected. How decidedly contrary are the effects produced by other diseases! The commiserative and benevolent fashionable world sympathize with the sufferers through palsies, convulsions, contractions, rheumatisms, the gout, scurvy, bilious complaints, obstructions of the liver and spleen, the jaundice, the leprosy, all cutaneous disorders, weakness of the stomach, and hysteric and hypochondriac affections; and fly to console them at Bath from every quarter of the kingdom. There the afflicted patient gulps the health-restoring fluid, and bathes, surrounded by eyes sparkling with hope, in which he may read the pleasant anticipation of his future convalescence and strength, and progress towards *Heaven* \*.

\* The name of the Keeper of the Lower Rooms.



The natives of Bath exult in the certainty that all the Deities whose smiles have contributed to bless the lives of man since the days of good old Homer preside there at this instant. Every luxury that inventive art exhibits to the votaries of pleasure may be found in this favoured city, and amusements of endless variety blend night with day, *during the season*. One of them exclaims, with conscious pride, that the gay visitor witnesses the astonishing improvements made there in the mode of diverting the mind, and compares with complacency cards, balls, and the theatre, to the exploded pastimes of bull-baiting, cock-fighting, pig-racing, and grinning through a horse-collar.

When we reflect on the generally-received opinion that the springs which issue from the earth at Bath are highly sanative, it is impossible we should experience the least surprize that numbers resort there, in every stage of disease, to try their efficacy. Relatives and attendants increase the crowd, and affection doubtlessly often induces the friend to visit the sufferer. Persons in health, and possessed of affluence, cannot be supposed to remain inactive; the mind must relax; nor did the Divinity ever intend innocent amusement and gaiety should be expelled from the breast. Instead of condemning, I applaud the *diversions* of dancing, riding, and the theatre; but *gaming* I class with the *vices*. Let me therefore not be mistaken for a fanatick when I smile at the excess of amusement to be met with at

Bath ; and wonder at the odd mixture of groans, musick, and flippancy.

Were a stranger to walk directly through this city, he would observe that the High-street consists of a narrow avenue of churches, palaces, inns, ale-houses, shops, and the worst description of habitations strangely interwoven, with a pavement calculated to break the heads of those who jolt over it, in coaches and other vehicles, amidst a constant noise and rattle of wheels.

Every church in Bath appears to have been purposely placed in disgraceful situations. To commence from the North entrance :

Walcot church, at an angle of two streets, each narrow enough to occasion the sprinkling of soil on the walls from the feet of horses.

St. Michael's, with a portico, at a second angle. This church is constantly surrounded by stage-coaches, gigs, chaises, coachmen, and postilions.

The Abbey is invisible from High, Cheap, and Hall streets ; indeed from every street and place, except an inconsiderable court.

And the church of St. James stands at some distance from Horse-street, eclipsed by intervening houses. Each of those structures, exclusive of the Abbey, though not remarkably superb, would do honour to the modern squares and crescents. In their present situations they obstruct the progress of carriages, and their congregations cannot be free from the noise of wheels constantly passing.

The principal errors observable in the recent im-

provements of Bath lies in the naked grandeur of the structures, and their uniformity. Crescents, and lines, of magnificent buildings, extend in every direction; but not a tree shades them. The Sun glares on the white stone, and nothing is picturesque. The public buildings in Oxford are surrounded by the richest foliage, and what city can vie with that in beauty? Had Bath the same advantages, the site would improve them.

Queen-square may be pronounced the commencement of Wood's architecture, and the houses deserve great praise; but the obelisk, erected by Nash, in honour of Frederick Prince of Wales, is one of the most disagreeable fancies I have ever seen. It is not an easy matter to decide what it resembles, as it proceeds from the earth, to the height of 70 feet, without the smallest break in the surface, and terminates as sharp as a needle. This silly Master of the Ceremonies might have discovered in the works of the antients, forms far more beautiful than an Egyptian conceived from the rays of the Sun. Besides, what possible reference could *this* obelisk have to that raised by Ramises, king of Egypt, at Heliopolis, when Troy was taken, from which it was imitated, at least according to Pliny's description?

Gay-street, though very steep, is finely built, and an appropriate avenue to the King's Circus; a most noble circle of palaces, rather than the residences of private families. The regular gradation of the orders is admirably preserved; and one only objection

applies, which is the omission of cornices, pediments, and enrichments, to the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian ranges of windows. The streets diverging from the Circus are such as should proceed from such an area; and I should be guilty of injustice, did I not add, that this quarter of Bath surpasses every other city I have seen. As every building from the Abbey to the Chapel, and every other public structure, has been repeatedly described, it is by no means necessary that I should dwell on them; I shall, therefore, merely request the reader to ascend with me to the Eastern and Western hills, to survey the town and vicinity, and then bid him farewell for the present.

There is a magnificent but incomplete crescent, on a stupendous and rugged mountain, almost immediately *above* Walcot church; the Eastern extremity of which superb pile appears to have been finished, and a chasm left between it and the remainder of the completed semicircle. The detached fragment, of beautiful white stone, consists of a triple basement, the upper rustic, on which are four three-quarter columns, of the Corinthian order, with an enriched entablature, including a principal story and an attick.

This house may have been accidentally burnt. However, that or some other cause has made it a grand ruin, perhaps fifty feet in height from the base, and situated on an elevation of several hundreds more above the level of the meadows, through which the Avon glides. The general effect of the Grecian

architecture, and the swells of the pillars, forcibly remind me of the remains of an antient Roman villa, particularly when grouped with the romantic scenery on every side \*. Gardens divided by shrubs, and bright broken ground, tufted with grass, enliven the descent before the ruin to the backs of the streets of the city; which extend Southward, and are terminated by the mountains in that direction, partially shaded by hanging woods. But the most pleasing view is along the valley, inclining to the North-east. There Nature spreads all her treasures; and the cultivator has contributed his best efforts to improve her gifts.

The Avon, a clear and serpentine stream above Bath, flows through this vale; and its banks are crowded with willows, and other trees, which dip their branches into the transparent fluid, at the same time that their roots cling to the rich soil of the meadows, of the most brilliant green, sprinkled with millions of yellow flowers. Those meadows divided and subdivided by hedges, interspersed with tall trees, appear one vast pleasure-ground, inclosed by steep ascents, covered with groupes of trees, elegant villas, and cultivation almost to their barren summits.

Back of the ruin the surface of the hill is broken into numerous ravines, that give an excellent back-ground from the city.

The view from the Southern hills is deprived of the valley just mentioned. Thence Bath appears

\* See the Frontispiece.

the arena of a vast amphitheatre of mountains ; not fertilized and broken by projecting crags and foliage, like the Clifton and St. Vincent's hills; but covered with short grass, lines of hedges, intersected by roads, and scattered with small houses. Thus each hill has

———— its brother,  
And one half the *amphitheatre* reflects the other.

The builders seem to have adopted this uniformity in the repetition of crescents and places; and they may not unaptly be compared to the *feelers* attached to some animals, extended at full-length, as if reaching to a remote height. The white stone of the buildings and roofs, and the smoke of the city, do not accord with my taste. They produce a dazzling appearance, which my eyes left with pleasure for the verdure Westward of Bath, improved as it approaches the Avon.

The Abbey, with ten large windows on the South side and transept, and the tower, appear to much advantage; but the other steeples are not remarkable.

THE END.

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